

Memours Heav'n on Earth; 30

with

The Great Waves of Death  
and Fortune.

As also

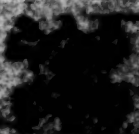
The Triumph of Death.

1077  
14

By John Donne  
M.A.

By John Donne

Of the same Author  
See the second part of the same



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17

Memoriae Historiae Britannicae

The British Museum

The Trustees of the British Museum



By John Gower, Esq.

Printed at London by A. J.

1790



The Epistle

To the right Noble,  
Algernon, Lord Percy, sonne  
and heire apparant to the right Ho-  
norable Henry Earle of Nor-  
thumberland.

**T**Hrice Noble, and more hopefull Pupill I (ceits)  
(Who learnes thy Hand to shew thy Hearts con-  
Would make thy heart, before it Vice doth trie,

To know her Lures, to shunne her slie deceits.

But in the Prime but of thy Pupillage  
before the ioynts of Iudgement can be knit,

Although for Wit thou mai'st be Wisedomes Page)

Vice throwes her Lures above thy reach of Wit,

But yet when Time shall throwly close thy Mould,

Wherein all rare Conceits still cast shall bee,

Then shalt thou (with cleere eyes) darke lines behold

That leade thee to all knowledge fit for thee.

And, sith that Childhood more in Tales delights

Then saddest Truths; He tell thee merry Tales,

Of Lords and Ladies, with their merry Knights,

Their merry Blissess, and their sory Bales.

The outside of these T-ales are painted o're

With colours rich, to please thine eage sence;

But, lined with naked Truth (yet richly poore)

More fit for thy more rich Intelligence.

When thou canst cracke this Nut, within the Shell

## The Epistle.

Thy Nut & Kernell shal be well pleas'd by Tastes  
The Pallate of thy Wit will like it well,  
When thou shalt swallow it; for say, in hastie  
Ther make this Nut a whirligigge the while,  
To make thee merry (if thou canst be so)  
To see the turning of our Sports to toiles,  
Wherein obserue how pleasures come and go:  
For, as a whirligigge doth turne so fast,  
That sharpest sights the fruit do scarce perceiue:  
So can no Pallate fruits of Pleasure taste  
When they are come, so soone they take their leaue!  
Reade little Lord, this Riddle learne to reede;  
So, first appose; then, tell it to thy Peeres:  
So shall they hold thee (both in Name and Deed)  
A perfect Pierc-ey that in darkenesse cleeres.  
A Pierc-ey, or a piercing Eye doth shew  
Both Wit and Courage; and, if thou wilt learne  
By morall Tales sinners mortall to eschew,  
Thou shalt be wise, and endlesse glorie earne:  
That so thou mai'st, thy meanest Tutor pray,  
So, Percies fame shall pierce the Eye of Daies:

Then, by those Raies my Pen (inflam'd) shall runne  
Beyond the Moone, to make thy Moone a Sunne!

Meane while, and euer, I rest prest  
to honour thee with my poore  
uttermost,

John Dauies.

The last Booke (being a Picture according to the Life) dedicated  
To the no lesse high in Birth,  
*then honorable in Disposition*  
(right noble in either) the Ladie  
*Dorothie*, and Ladie  
*Lucy Percies.*

**G**reat little Ladies, greatly might you blame  
My little care of doing as I ought,  
Should I neglect to set your noble Name,  
First of those Principalls whose hands I taught.  
Yet, the more high your Birth and Places are,  
The more ye ought to mind the blast of Breath:  
As *Philips* Page did shew his Masters care,  
When most he flourisht, most to thinke on death!  
Then, with most blisse, when you transported be,  
Looke on this Picture; so, perceiue ye shall,  
We fall, like Leaues, in Autumne from the Tree,  
When Heau'n puffes at Excesse in generall:  
But from all woes excesse I wish ye may (way!  
(Throgh Heau'n on Earth) to heau'n the easiest

*Your Ladiships unworthie Tutor,*

John Dauies.

To my beloued Master,

John Davies.

---

**W**hen I thy Reasons weigh, & meet thy Rime,  
I find they haue such happy weight and meane  
As makes thy Lines extend to After-times, (sure,  
To leade them to a Masse of Wisdome's Treasure.  
With weighty Matter so thou load'st thy Lines,  
As to dimme sights they oft seeme darke as Hell;  
But those cleere eies that see their deepe designs,  
Do ioy to see much Matter coucht so well!  
But these thy Numbers most familiar bee;  
Because strange Matter plainly they recount:  
For which Men shall familiar be with thee  
That know thee not; and, make thy fame to mount.  
I know no Tongues-man more doth grace his Tongue  
With more materiall Lines, as streight as strong!

Ed: Sharphell.



To mine entirely beloued,  
*Master Iohn Davies*  
of Hereford.

In all thy Writings thou hast such a Vaine,  
As burth thy selfe thy selfe canst counterfer;  
Which lying farre beyond the vulgar frame,  
Is harder well to open, then to get;  
Few idle words thou hast to answer for  
In all thy workes; but, thou dost merite much  
(Nay supererogate) who dost abhorre  
Superfluous words, though mine be over-rich;  
Both Words and Matter do so well agree,  
To glorifie themselves in either kinde;  
Each must needs knowne both thom, and thee,  
Who neerely sought (for vs) the same to finde;  
Thy Numbers flow from such a Minds excessse,  
As all seeme Raptures, in all happinesse!

Ambr. Gray.

Ro: Cox.

To

# To the Reader in praise of the Author.

**I**N every Tale which scuffed Truth contains,  
We must that Truth unmaske to see her face:  
Else see we but the halfe the Tale retains;  
Then such (how e're well told) lose halfe their grace.

But these are Tales, which though their words be  
Tickle the itching 'st Eares, which itching (like a horse)  
And so such Eares to listen still are taught,  
By subtil clauing, that such Eares bewitcheth.

Canst thou but Riddle riddle, and not erre,  
These Riddle high (well read) stoppe to thy reason:  
That though they fat not, yett will they faine  
With Wittering Salt, that is, with sweete do  
The Fiction is for gladder Will as fit  
As is the Morall for the saddest Wit.

Anth: Grey.

Vol. Cor.

13

11

# Humours Heauen on Earth.

**V**Pon a time (thus oldewiues Tales begin,  
Then listen Lordings to an old wifes Tale)  
There were three men, that were, & were not kin,  
(Redeme this Riddle) at the Wine or Ale,  
Did stumpe who most should grace the doerest Sin,  
For which the dainiest Soules are set to sale:  
For Soules that are most delicate for Sense,  
Gainst stings of honied sinnes haue least defence.

\*Kinne, as they  
were of the fouest  
deadly sinnes, & so  
kinne as they  
were different  
sinnes.

The first (for first, He tell you eithers name  
To shew their natures) hight \**Poliphagus*;  
A greasie guttes, of most vnweldie frame,  
The second named was \**Epithymus*:  
Light as a feather, apt to lightest game:  
The third and last, hight \**Hyselophthalmus*,  
That still lookt on himselfe, as if he saw  
That which the Gods did loue, and Men did awe.

\*The Glutton,

\*The Lecher.

\*The proud,  
vaine, and ambi-  
tious man.

B

Nor

## Humors Heauen on Earth.

3

Nor is it vtterly impertinent  
Vnto the matter subiect, to describe  
The Weedes they ware, which were as different,  
As was their Names, their Natures, & their Tribe;  
The Habit sheweth how the heart is bent:  
For, still the Heart the Habit doth prescribe:  
And no externall signes can more bewray  
The inwardest Affects then garments may.

4

A description of  
the Gluttons  
habite.

*Poliphagus* a Sute of Satten ware,  
Made wide and fide; and yet his sides did swell,  
So that his Trusse did couer scarce the bare,  
And so his Panch (an homely Tale to tell)  
Was fill'd with filth, that eu'ry slich did stare  
Of that which cald it; and of grease did smell:  
Which so re-gloss'd the Sattens glosse, that it  
Was varnisht like their vails that tinge the Spit

5

His Buttons and the Holes, that held them fast,  
His brest made stil to strue which best could hold  
But yet that brest made one another brast,  
And so it selfe did swell as burst it would;  
Who was some two elles compasse in the walke,  
And had not seene his knees since two daies old:  
No Points he vs'd; whose bumme and Belly burst  
Held vp his Sloppes, as strait as they were truss'd.

A



## Humors Heauen on Earth.

6

A paire of button'd Buskins cas'd his Legges,  
Which were all Calfe from Hams vnto the Heele;  
And after him (like clogges) the same he dregges:  
His Shopes were lin'd, that he no cold might feele;  
The Soales whereof thicke Corke asunder geggs,  
Made broad (without Indents) lest he might reele:  
And ouer all, he ware a slabberd Gowne,  
Which cloakt his Buttockes hugely ouergrowne!

7

Thus haue we cas'd the Slouen, saue the Head;  
And wittingly we doe the same forbear;  
Because his Shoulders stoode in his Heads stead,  
Which hardly did aboue their pitch appeare:  
The lump of flesh was all so ouer-fed,  
As he no man, but some *Behemoth* were:  
For they whose ioy is all in drinke and meate,  
Thogh mean they be, they needs must be too great

8

*Epithymus* (the wanton) on his Crowne,  
A Crowne of Roses ware lasciuiously;  
A falling Band of Cut-worke (richly sowne)  
Did his broad Shoulders quite ore-canopy:  
A waste-coate wrought with floures (as they had  
in colour'd silke, lay open to the eie: (growne)  
And, as his Bosome was vnbutton'd quite,  
So were his Points, vntruss'd for ends too light!

A description of  
the Wantons Ap-  
parrell.

B 2

His

*Humors Heaven on Earth.*

9

His Doublet was Carnation, cut with greene  
Rich Taffataes, quite through in ample Cuttes;  
That so his Wast-coate might, ech where be seene,  
When lusty Dames should eie this lusty Guttes:  
And many Favours hung the Cuttes betweene,  
And many more, more light, in them he shuttes!  
So that a vacant place was hardly found  
About this Fancy, so well-fauour'd round.

10

His Hose was French, and did his doublet sute,  
For Stuffe and Colour; to which ~~some~~ there were  
Silke-stockings, which fate strait his thighs about,  
To make his leg and thigh more quaint appeere:  
Their colour was, as was the vpper Sute,  
Saue that the quirkes with gold and gawdie geere  
Were so embosst, that as the Gallant goes,  
The glosse did light his feete to saue his toes.

11

His Shooes were like to Sandalls, for they were  
So caru'd aboue with many a curious Cut,  
That through the same the stocking did appeere,  
And in the Lachets were such Ribbands put,  
As shadow'd all the foote from Sunne well neere,  
Though, in Rose-fonne, the ribband vp was shut:  
And to make vp aright this Woman-Man,  
He at his face still fenced with a fan.

But

## Humors Heaven on Earth.

12

But *Hyclophronus* vnlike to him,  
Was richly clad, but much more graue it was;  
For, he could not endure such colours trim,  
Yet vs'd trimme colours to bring drifts to passe:  
A Backe too bright, doth argue Braines too dim:  
For, no such Asse as is the golden Asse:  
But he that State to catch, doth know the knacke,  
Hides all his haughtie thoughts in humble blacke.

The Prowd-  
ambitious  
mans apparrell  
described.

13

His Hat was Beauer of a middle sise,  
The Band, silke-Sipers foure-fold wreath'd about:  
A shallow Cambricke Ruffe, with Sets precise,  
Clos'd with a button'd string, that still hung out;  
Wherewith he plai'd, while he did Plottes deuise;  
To gull the Multitude, and rule the Rout:  
His Sute was Satten, pinckt, and laced thicke,  
As fit, as faire, without each peeuissh tricke.

14

His Cloke cloth-rash with velvet throughly lin'd,  
(As plaine as Plainenesse) without welt, or garde,  
To seeme, thereby, to be as plaine in Mind;  
For, he to seeme good, still had good regarde:  
His rapier hilts wer blackt, which brightly shin'd,  
A veluet Scobbard did that weapon warde:  
The Hangers and the Girdle richly wrought,  
With Silke of \*poorest colour, deerely bought.

\* Blacke.

B 3

His

His Stockings (futable vnto the same)  
 Were of blacke silke, and crosse-wise gartered:  
 The Knot whereof a Roses forme did frame,  
 Which neare the ham the sable leaues did spread:  
 His Shooes were veluet, which his foote became,  
 Thus was he clad, from foote vnto the Head:  
 Who still was still, as one of iudgement staid,  
 Before he heard, and poiz'd, what others saide.

\*The wish of  
*Philoxenus* a  
 philosopher.

While first (puff-panch) *Poliphagus* bespake,  
 (But panned as he spake for want of winde,  
 And at each word his fat for feare did quake,  
 Left that wind want that fat should melt, or bind,  
 O that (quoth he) then reached to perbrake)  
 Mans Necke were like a \*Cranes, then should we  
 More pleasure in our meat & drink, because (find  
 T'would longer passe, with pleasure to our mawes.

\*Genes 3. 15.

\*The scale of  
 Gluttony, for the  
 panch to climbe  
 by.

Eating and Drinking sweetly eates vp Time  
 That eates vp all; then, feeding most of all  
 We ought to loue, for, we are made of \*Slime;  
 Then should we feed (lest we to slime should fall)  
 That so our flesh, by fat, to fat should climbe,  
 Fat Capons, Turkies, Fezants we may call  
 The \*Ladders to Perfection, and ascend  
 By such Degrees, is mans perfections end.

Deere



18

Deere \*Taste (quoth he) the life of all my ioy,  
Can they be blest that say thou bredst our curse,  
When thou dost sweeten all our liues annoy,  
That else were Hell it selfe, or rather worse?  
For my part, I esteeme that \*Tale a Toy;  
And thinke that Taste alone doth Nature nurse:  
If thou be Natures Nurse, then say I dare,  
Thou nurdest That that makes vs what we are.

\*Taste, the sense  
wherein Men-  
beasts do most  
delight.

\*Gene. 3. 6.

19

Who are by nature Demi-gods at least;  
Grauer mercies Taste, that mak'st vs so to be:  
Man, but for thee, were farre worse then a beast;  
And beasts were worse then nothing, but for thee:  
For man, and beasts do toile but for the taste;  
Then if our taste should faile vs, curst were we:  
Sith both are borne to labor but for \*foode;  
That rather would offend; then doe vs good.

\*All the labour of  
man is for the  
mouth, &c.  
Eclesiast. 6. 7.

20

The month, & Maw are Pleasures blisfull Bowres,  
Where she lies dallying with her loue Delight:  
The Maw (*Charibdis* which Delight deuoures)  
Takes fro the mouth what giu's the mēbers might;  
Is That an Idol which such good procures?  
Or should it not be \*seru'd by Natures right,  
That keepes fraile Nature in her vitall heate,  
That else would pine for want of tasting meate?

\*Ad red.

B 4

O!

21

\*Psal. 34. 8.

\*Epicures beleue  
not the Soules im-  
mortalitie, and so  
no scripture.

O! taste, and see how sweete the Lord; but whie  
Do I enforce what \*forcelesse I esteeme?  
Yet, sith it's held for written- Veritie,  
I'e sucke sweete from that weede, and holy seeme:  
The sou'raign'st sense, enthron'd is in the Eie;  
Yet Taste, this Truth (if truth) doth better decerne:  
For, taste, and see, first taste, and after see,  
Implies that Taste, of Sight hath sou'raignie.

22

\*Good food  
comforts the hart,  
cheeres the sprite

O tis the Well from whence the Senses drawe  
Their *summum bonum*; sweet'st, thogh short, delight:  
The right hie-way to Mirth, lies to the Mawe;  
The way to mirth that cheeres the flesh, & \*sprite;  
That warms the blood, & frozen harts doth thaw,  
In spight of Nature, foiling Natures spight:  
Then, who distasts these sweet Lauds of the Taste,  
His Taste is senslesse, and his Wittes are waste.

23

\*Which the tong  
makes against the  
Pallate.

Aske Prooffe, how all the Veines do flow with ioy  
When as the Mouth takes in confection Sweetes;  
Or when the Pallate doth her Powres imploy  
To meet sweet Wines, which she with \*smacks re-  
What hart so faint, that thē can feare anoy, (greete;  
Though Hell it selfe with all the Senses meete;  
Giue strong drink to the damn'd, & they'l sustaine,  
In Paines despight, with ease, the spight of Paine.  
What

24

What Care can once but touch a merry hart,  
That's merry made with precious blood of grapes?  
And, who can choose but play a frolicke part,  
That by strong Sacke, frō Sorrows sacke escapes:  
Smart, them annoyes that feelee, or thinke on smart,  
But not those that with Wine are Pleasures rapes:  
For, while they gape to let in, \* out to run,  
They feelee, & think on nought but Healths begun.

\* They that  
drinke much,  
must euery  
way euacuate  
much.

25

Thus did this gormandizing Epicure  
\* Insist in praise of That which Taste commends;  
And, (for winde lab'ring) labour'd past his powre  
To make Mans gorge his god, for godlesse ends:  
When loe, *Epithymus* (to make it sure)  
In part approu'd his reasons; yet he bends  
His pow'r to proue the wenching practicke part,  
To yeeld the ioy which most affects the hart.

\* What we  
most loue of  
that we glad-  
ly heare and  
speake.

26

These Girles (quoth he) so they be faire, and yong, *Epithymus*.  
Are they alone that most do rauish Sense;  
For which, no lesse then for our foode we long;  
The Touch, being furthest from th' Intelligence,  
With much more \* libertie, and ioy among,  
Doth play her part to proue her excellence:  
It tickles all our veins with lustful pleasure, (sure.  
Which the mean while, hath neither mean nor me-  
What

The praise of  
Touching.  
\* Touching be-  
ing furthest  
removed from  
the Under-  
standing of all  
the senses,  
makes it the  
more brutish.

27

What Heart's so cold that is not set on fire,  
 With a trans-lucent beaming funne-bright face;  
 But, of that face to haue the hearts desire,  
 The Heart cannot desire a greater grace:  
 Who couets not bright Beauties golden wire,  
 His \*Sprite is abiect, and his thoughts are base:  
 Sith those wires winde about the turning thought,  
 And tie it to rich pleasures dearly bought.

\*Héroike spi-  
 rites soonest  
 enhrall'd  
 with loue.

28

Who meets with flesh that meltswith tendernesse,  
 And melts not in Desires ay-burning flames?  
 Whose kisses, steep in Sucker, Hea'n do presse,  
 From lips \*diuine, too worthy for such names;  
 Can any Eies looke into Beauties Presse,  
 And with her trimmest trinckets make no games?  
 No humane Eies (I weene) if cristalline,  
 But ioy to see themselues in Eies diuine.

\*Warron Lo-  
 uers most pro-  
 phane.

29

To see a Body more then Lilly-white,  
 With azur'd veines imbrodred here and there,  
 To see this blisfull Body \*naked quite,  
 And to behold Loues Hold some other where,  
 What Thing, with ioy, can more intrude the sight,  
 Sith to the sight Loues Heauen doth appeare?  
 Then add to this, a \*Looke that saith approach,  
 It wil the Vessell of all Sweetnesse broch.

\*This Obiect  
 makes the  
 Soule most  
 abiect.

\*A glauncing  
 a'luring looke.

O!



30

O! to embrace her that embraceth all  
That Beuty can embrace, is to infold  
In mortall Armes, Armes supernaturall,  
Of pow'r both \*Gods and Men (infnar'd) to hold;  
And make them, as they please, to rise, or fall,  
Serving Loues Soueraigne as Vassals should:  
For, Gods, and men do most obsequiously,  
By nature, serue diuine Formositie.

\*No passion  
more violent  
in the Soule  
of Man or  
Beast.

31

He that orethrew what ere his strength withstood, \*Hercules.  
And vnderpropt the weighe of Heauens frame,  
Loue, made to spinne in weake vnnanly moode:  
And He, for wisdom, that had greatest fame,, \*Salomon.  
Loue so, with Lust, inflam'd his coldest blood:  
That Hea \*thousand had to quench the same  
For, no Age, Wisdom, Pow'r, or Politie,  
Haue pow'r to impugne diuine Formositie!

\*700 wines,  
and 300. con-  
cubines.

32

Aske *Mars* the sterne and stubberne god of warre,  
How much frail Beuty made him (crouching) bow:  
Nay aske (if men may aske) the Thunderer  
The high'st of gods, by lordly Loue brought low)  
Why he did make his mansion in a Scare,  
Yet fell from heau'n an earthly \* Dame to know,  
But that both Gods and Men, most lowly,  
By nature, serue diuine Formositie!

\*Danar.

Giue

33

\*With Loue-  
ricks to make  
Lust satia-  
ble.

Giue me a Wench that hath the skill, and wit,  
To let me (loue-sicke) bloud in Lustes right vaine;  
And can, with pleasure, ease me in the fit,  
Yet ease me so, that Loue may still complaine  
Of \*heate, that is for Lusts life onely fit,  
Which to the life of Loue yeelds pleasant paine;  
That can so humour me, and what I feele,  
That she may hurt me still, my hurt to heale.

34

\*A lasciuious  
kisse bewitch-  
ing wanton,  
knowne best  
to such.

Such a Craft-mistress, in the Arte of Loue,  
Doth crowne the Touch with an imperiall \*kisse;  
For, she makes Touching tastioy farre about  
The reach of Arte to tell men what it is:  
For feeling lie, she can both staie, and moue  
About the Center of Loues boundlesse blisse  
Then boundlesse is the Touches excellence  
That, by a Lasse, can so beheu'n the sense.

35

\*The wicked  
conspire in e-  
uill, though  
they vary in  
circumstances.

Thus did this Orator of Lechery  
Dilate the short sweete of his liues delight,  
Which, *Hyselophronus* did not \*deny,  
(As though quite opposit) but bent his might,  
To proue high'st blisse was borne of Maiesty;  
Begot by *Potency*, right or vnright:  
The greatest ioy to Greatnesse appertaines  
For ioy doth raig (quoth he) in that which raigns.

A

36

Arbittall Robe, a Scepter, Mound, and Crowne  
Are the true Signals of the truest ioy:  
They neede not feare the threat of Sorrows frown  
That \*can confound, all causers of anoy:  
The hand of Maiefty puts vp, and downe  
The meanes of mirth, and those that mirth destroy:  
Hee's a rare Clarke that *Regnum* can declayne  
And *Mens, Mea, Menus* ad in fine.

\* Soueraigne  
authoritie can  
silence all, vn-  
der heauen,  
that inuicibly  
against her in-  
ordinate plea-  
sures.

37

What Hart is not enlarg'd, with ioy, as much  
As it can hold, when pow'r is more enlarg'd  
Then Earth can hold; or, on the same none such,  
When all by him, and he by none, is charg'd?  
Not so much as with the smallest \*touch,  
Touching his life, lest such be life-discharg'd:  
It is the greatest glorie of Mans state,  
When man, like God, doth raigne in spite of Hate.

\* What man  
shal say to the  
Soueraigne,  
What doost  
thou? without  
incurring his  
ire, which is  
the precursor  
of Death.

Prou. 16. 14.

\* Where the  
word of the  
King is, there  
is power, and  
who shall saie  
ta him, What  
doost thou?  
Eccles. 8. 4.

38

To eate and drinke, and do the acts of lust,  
Is common vnto Beasts, as well as Men; (must;  
What praise get they that do what \*needs they  
But such as shames the praised now and then?  
For, so may men be praisd for deedes vniust,  
Sith Men, by nature, wrong their Bretheren:  
But, to correct \*Men, with directing Rods,  
Is proper vnto none but Demi-gods.

\* That which  
men & Beasts  
by the promo-  
tion of Na-  
ture onely.

\* To rule men  
well is proper  
to God and  
men onely.

The

39

The Sphære of Greatnes (like the highest sphere  
That turnes the neather with resistlesse sway)  
Is the high'st step to his Throne without Peere,  
And, to the Sunne that makes eternall day,  
Where Blisse abounds an everlasting yeare,  
For which the most deuout doe inly \*pray:  
Then, Greatnes is the great'st good vnder heau'n,  
Which vnto none but Gods on Earth is giu'n.

\*Few or none  
so mortified,  
but can be co-  
tented to sit,  
rather ruling  
then ruled.

40

O! how it rapt the Eie of Maiestie,  
To see all downe-cast vnderneath her feete;  
That may, if please her, march vpon the Hie,  
Till she with none, but with the Lowly meete:  
Then, \*Wisedomes reach doth tend to Emperie;  
And none but fooles neglect it as vnmeete:  
It is the highest Note that Arte can reach,  
To rule the voice when Sou'raintie doth preach.

\*Humane  
wisedome.

41

And what a glorie is't to mortall Man,  
That when he bends his high-erected front,  
Death in the \*folds doth play the Artezan,  
And kill, but with a looke, the highest Count:  
Yet, with a word (like Him that all things can)  
To create others, making them to mount;  
Then, who hath pow'r all men to marre or make,  
Must be a God, that life doth giue, and take.

\*The lookes  
of soueraigne  
maiestie doth  
either kill, or  
quicken.

A



42

A Shepherds Crooke Rod; which Men and Beasts  
Doth callie tame, how wilde so ere they bee:  
For, Birds that in the Stars doe build their neasts,  
Farre, farre above all Birds, of prey doe flee:  
To which pitch if they mount, they scorch their  
For, heat so high is in \*extreame degree: (crests;  
Highnesse is sacred, and the sacred Hie,  
With their pow'rs wing above all perills flie!

\*The indigna-  
tion of a prince  
is most mor-  
tall.

43

O! tis a blisfull glitt'ring glorious state,  
Able to make Mortalitie diuine,  
Which, with \*inspection, binds the hands of Fate,  
And, like the Sunne, among the Stars doth shine,  
Till Nature doth the Flesh inanimate,  
And in the mouthes of Men mens fames enshrine:  
Then, if in Earth be any diuine thing,  
It's more then God, if it be not a King.

\*As domina-  
bitur Astris:  
Wise kings  
much more.

44

Poliphagus, though he his Intralls seru'd,  
As if they were his Fancies Soueraignes,  
Or rather Gods, by which he was preferu'd,  
Yet hee allowance to their fancie faines;  
That so \*fraternitie might be conseru'd,  
Which concord, in conceit, together chaines;  
And, thus immod'rately doth moderate  
The difference of the doubtfull Questions state.

\*The concord  
of the Euill  
condemns the  
discord of the  
Good.

All

45

All our Desires (quoth he) may well concur,  
 Because they ayme at earthly pleasure all;  
 For, Pompe which thou prefer'st, is as a Spurre,  
 To make flesh runne to pleasures corporall:  
 For, flesh, in meane estate, doth \*meanelly shurre,  
 As wanting meanes to make it sensuall:  
 But, where \* Aboundance is, there doth abound  
 All pleasures, which or sense, or wit hath found.

\*As wanting  
 meanes to el-  
 set fleshly  
 desires.  
 \*Prosperity &  
 Impiery do  
 kisse each o-  
 ther.

46

Then, sith our appetites may well conspire  
 T'effect the pleasure most affecting sense,  
 There is no cause to differ in Desire;  
 Sith \* union may atone that difference,  
 Which, like a sweete Compound, may be entire,  
 Entire to make sweete pleasures confluence:  
 They are the sweetest accents of the voice,  
 When different Parts accord, sense to reioice.

\*Variance of  
 delight mak-  
 Pleasure more  
 entire.

47

Therefore lets frolicke it, Care kills a Cat;  
 Else lies the Prouerbe, which \*Truth onely make  
 Thought is a Canker feeding on our fat;  
 And makes our bones ore-laden, leane as Rakes;  
 What bories so senslesse be, to like of that,  
 Sith Bones, when bare they be, asunder shakes:  
 O tis most holosome and the Creame of \* Wit,  
 To breede good blood, good foode still feeding  
 Pleasure

\*All Prouerbs  
 are grounded  
 vpon Truth.

\*All the labor  
 of man is for  
 his mouth,  
 Eccle. 6. 7.

48

Pleasure doth end, when ended is Lifes \*date:  
Then fith that is so certainly vnſure,  
We hate our ſelues if we doe pleaſure hate,  
Which makes our liues \*immortally endure;  
For, Mirth the liuelieſt lumpes doth animate,  
And, to old age doth Eagles youth procure:  
If ſuch a Cauſe then yeeldes ſuch ſweete effects,  
Sowre is the Cauſe that ſuch a Cauſe reiects.

\*So ſaith the  
Epicure.

\*A merry heart  
makes a many  
yeares as many  
as his haire

49

We nothing want, if we want not a will,  
To giue full ſatisfaction to our ſenſe:  
And if all Wants be wanting to our ill,  
The fault is \*ours, if ours be ſuch offence:  
We may, if ſo wee luſt, our luſts fulfill:  
Then what remains, but baniſh abſtinence,  
And with full Sailes of Power, paſſe thoſe Seas,  
Where Pleaſure flowes, to Hauens of luſtfull eaſe.

\*It is glorious  
to doe all wee  
ſhould, not all  
wee can.

50

Let leane fac'd leaden ſprited Saturniſts,  
(Who, madde with melancholy, mirth deteſt)  
Prate what they liſt to bring all in the Liſts  
Of Moderation; who cannot diſgeſt  
The honied Sweetes that feede true Iouialliſts,  
We hauing \*ſenſe, to proue what pleaſeth beſt,  
Will not, leſt Sorrow ſtabbe giue Senſe the lie;  
For, they but faine to liue, that faine would die.

\*It is ſenſleſſe  
to be too ſen-  
ſual.

C

And

51

And, were we Furies of infernall kinde,  
By kinde, we then should pleasure take in paine:  
But, being men, and men of perfect minde,  
By nature, we from all annoy \* refraine:  
Who doth not so, as mad men, men should binde  
Till they be dead, or in their wittes againe:  
For, they are Fiends (not men) the foes of ioy,  
That please their Soules in all that sense annoy.

\* If Gods pleasure may be fulfilled without our paine we may say, Let this Cup passe, if not, Thy will be done.

52

Tell me not of a Stoicke (senselesse Stocke)  
That makes an Idoll of I wot not what;  
Is't vertue in a man to be a \* Blocke?  
And beare vnmou'd, what life doth ruinate?  
These are the willemen, that wisemen do mocke,  
Whose senselesse folly all men wonder at:  
It's vertue in a man of sense, say I,  
To live as huiing, and not liuing die.

\* To be passionlesse is to be liuelesse.

53

Are they not murderers of themselves, that will,  
Thinke life away, and not thinke how to liue?  
As good they hang'd themselves, as do more ill;  
For lesse, much lesse, they do kinde Nature grieue,  
Who quickly die, then who are dying still;  
Both which to life, like violence do giue:  
Then let the be stak't throgh, when dead they are,  
That run theselues throgh with the sword of \* care.

\* Worldly sorrow causeth death. 2. Cor. 7. 10.

I



54

I value Vertue at too high a price,  
 The to be bought & sold for worthlesse Thought;  
 That Vertue is not halfe so good as Vice,  
 That brings a man, before his time, to nought:  
 Such Vertue then, can none but \*Babes entice,  
 That seek thiſ hurtful, which ſhuld not be ſoght:  
 In Vertues Schoole no Babes can learne, but thoſe  
 That know the good frō bad, & ioyes from woes.

\*Without  
 iudgement.

55

For, Nature were a ſtep dame if ſhe ſhould  
 Produce her Darlings but to thought and care:  
 But, ſhe is kinde, as her kinde children hold,  
 Producing them for things that bliſfull are;  
 Who, being many, are \*more manifold;  
 For, rare ioyes are ordain'd for Creatures rare:  
 Then let them be orewhelm'd with all annoy,  
 That may, and will not, ſwimme in Seas of Ioy,

\*More plea-  
 ſures then  
 people to vie  
 them.

56

The other twaine, with many pleaſing \*ſmiles,  
 Whiles he was ſpeakīg, his ſpeech ſeem'd to praiſe,  
 (Who ſeem'd to glorie in himſelfe the whiles)  
 And now, by word, well-word they what he ſaies;  
 And, all agree, by whatſoeuer \*guiles,  
 In all delights, to beguile nights and daies:  
 So, thus reſolu'd they fully execute,  
 All that wherein they are ſo reſolute.

\*To applaude  
 with looks, a  
 kind of flatter-  
 ry.

\*They that  
 are ſold to  
 carnall plea-  
 ſures, will ſell  
 their ſoules to  
 maintaine the.

C 2

But

57

\* Reason

\* *Logus* Soules.

But now, as wak'ned from a tedious sleepe,  
 \**Logus*, chiefe guide of \**Psyche*, their chiefe guide  
 (While they were plunged in all pleasures deepe)  
 Thus gan their sensuall-senslesse Soules to chide:  
 Whither, O whither runne ye, ye lost sheepe,  
 Not weying in what danger ye abide?  
 The Blinde eates many a flie; and so doe you,  
 That chew sweet poyson, which ye should eschue.

58

But ere wee further prosecute her speech,  
 We will describe their Garments (as we may)  
 For as we said the Coate and Cut do teach  
 Sight to discern what mood the mind doth sway:  
*Logus* was clad, as could no State impeach,  
 Sitch she was cloth'd with mean, thogh cleane aray:  
 For, she with Garments farre more fit, then faire,  
 But sauegard sought from Passions of the Aire.

59

But, *Psyche* (whom she guided) like a Queene  
 Was richly deckt, with ornaments diuine:  
 Who liu'd so closely that she scarce was seene,  
 Yet through her Pallace did her glory shine,  
 As if at least she had a Goddesse beene;  
 Whose virtues were apparant to the Eine:  
 Her Ornaments were Wit, Will, Memory,  
 Which richly roab'd her with Regaliry.

Vpon

60

Vpon her sacred Head she ware a Crowne  
(Like that of *Ariadnes*) all of Starres,  
To light her feete in darke waies, and vnknowne,  
And keepe the safest way in Passions warres;  
Those Starres were royall vertues of her owne  
(Which some call *Cardinall*) her gard in Iarres:  
Who was deckt inly with Pow'r, Grace, and Arte,  
Being wholly in the whole, and in each Part.

61

Her Vnderstandings Pow'r that Pow'r did line,  
Which Heau'n and Earth religiously adore;  
And in her Will she ware Grace most diuine,  
But in her Memory she Artes did store;  
That made the Whole most gloriously to shine,  
But most diuinely did those three decore!  
Affects and Fantasies her Seruants were,  
Which were all cloakt with Good, how ill so ere.

62

Hir pricely train, which was of works wel wrought,  
Was borne by Iudgement her chiefe Officer:  
Then, Contemplation held her, as she ought,  
By the right Arme, so that she could not steere  
Frō those right waies, whereon before she thought:  
And double-Diligence before did cleere:  
The outward Senses her Puruciours were,  
To whom the Common-sense was Treasurer.

C 3

Thus

63

Thus were these two attended and araid,  
Which I haue thus described by the way;  
And now to prosecute what *Logus* said  
From thence where I before did make him stay;  
Quoth hee, what meane ye thus to be betraid  
By sinfull Sense, which seekes but your decay?  
You are to seeke to know her Fallacies,  
But know them not by seeking in this wise.

64

\* Worlides  
weale vncer-  
taine in our  
life, but deter-  
mines vtterly  
in our death.

How neere to temporall and eternall death  
You are (God wot) ye wot not, ne yet care; (breath,  
Not weying how worlds \* weale wastes with your  
And that your breaths within your nostrills are;  
Which to the Aire you must of force bequeath,  
Perhaps forthwith, at least ere ye beware:  
If temp'rall death attach ye in this plight,  
Your temp'rall daies will turne t'eternall night.

65

\* Death is  
most familiar  
with those  
that are most  
strange to him.

To yong and old Death is indifferent;  
The Court and Cottage he frequents alike:  
Yet, of the twaine, he Courts doth more frequent;  
And loues those, that do \* mind him least, to strike:  
He wounds the lustfull, vaine, and insolent  
With their owne weapons, quickly to the quicke:  
For, euer he doth enuy lifes delight,  
And makes the same most subiect to his might.

How



66

How can vaine pleasures please men, hauing sense  
To feele the sweete and sowre of sinne, and grace?  
For, if they feele the \* sting of Conscience,  
All pleasures of the flesh will giue it place:  
That grieues the Will, that grieues th' Intelligence,  
Which take no pleasure in their owne disgrace:  
But still the lusts of fraile flesh to fulfill,  
Is to disgrace Intelligence, and Will.

\*The sting of  
Conscience kills  
our best  
pleasures of  
the flesh.

67

The object of the Will is perfect Good;  
Which, the Intelligence to her presents;  
That neuer yet was found in roiall food,  
In dainty Dames, or regall governments;  
By \* Vnderstanding these are vnderstood  
To yeeld but short, and counterfet Contents:  
If so they do, how madde are they the while,  
That giue their pretious Soules for things so vile?

\*Daily profe  
telles our vn-  
derstandings,  
ihat all world-  
ly pleasures  
are as short,  
as vaine, and  
vnshure.

68

The \* wisest yet that euer breath'd this Aire  
(Of sinfull race) who in his wisedomes might  
Made profe of all that was sweet, great, or faire,  
Yea of all pleasures which the sense delight,  
Said of them all (like Wisedomes truest Heire)  
They were than skumme of \* Vanitie more light:  
If such great Wisedome found them to be such,  
They are much more the fools that loue the much.

\*Salomon.

\*Ecclesiastes 1.2.

C 4

Aske

\*Good is the  
object of loue

Aske en'ry sense what pleasure they doe proue  
In all their obiects: they must needs replie,  
(Sith consciēce knows it) nought to gaine our loue,  
For, we loue nought but what we \*good do trie:  
But, Prooue these pleasures doe, in fine, reprove;  
Sith they no sooner liue, but sooner die:  
For, Triall knowing them to be but vaine,  
Kills their delight ere we it entertaine.

(swarme;

\*Our Crowne  
saith the So-  
ueraigne.

And, Crownes are Hiues, where stinging cares do  
Pomp's but the White whereat fell Enuy shoots:  
which are as trees, whēce groes their owners harm;  
Harms are the fruit; crowns, flours; & kīgdōs, roots:  
The Arme of flesh, is but a feeble Arme;  
And, in such strong Extreames it little bootes:  
He knowes not yet the nature of a Crowne,  
That knows not none may call the same his \*owne.

\*The loue of  
a Crowne oft  
makes the son  
so hate the fa-  
ther,

What bootes a purple Robe, when purple blood  
Doth issue from the wofull wearers hart?  
And, of such issue there's more likelihood  
Then issue of his loines to take his part;  
For, oft such issue doth him little good,  
Who conquer \*Nature, by the aide of Arte:  
They learne by Arte weake Nature to command,  
When Crowns betwixt the Sire & Son doe stand.  
Sou'raignes,

72

Our raignes, are subiect to extreame \*despight,  
For lo, a Dog, sometimes, supplide their place;  
A King of *Norway*, conquering in fight  
The King of *Swethland*, for the more disgrace,  
Did make a Dog their King, to shew his spight,  
And made the neere \*him, that were neere as bace:  
Then are they worse then dogges that damne their  
To catch a kingdom, that a dog cōtroules. (soules

\*Robert Courtesse, Edward the second, Richard the second, Edward the fifth, Richard the third, Henry the sixth.  
\*His Counsellours.

73

What ioy can be accompanied with feare,  
Such that companion doth all ioy \*confound?  
But terrene ioyes about with them do beare  
An hell of \*feare, wherein true Hell is found:  
For, where's vnfortunie, feare must needs be there;  
And all's vnfortunie that surgeth from the ground  
Of this vast Sea of extreame miserie,  
True Antitype of true felicitie.

\*Feare betrayeth the comforts and succours which Reason offereth.  
\*True ioy contenteth the desire and excludes feare, which worldly ioy doth not.

74

Besides, no pompe (how euer glorious)  
No ioy or pleasure, if sublunarie,  
But brings facietie soone with their vse,  
As they best know that haue best meanes to trie;  
And none haue right ioy but the \*righteous;  
For, ne'r doth faciate their felicitie,  
Which doth content Desire, and Feare exclude,  
Which is the summe of true Beatitude.

\*The ioy of the Soule is incident to good and ghostly inuents onely.

Then,

75

\*Glory attends  
vpon God &  
his onely.

Then, if my power ore your Soneraigne,  
If my words (rules of Reason) can perswade,  
Vaine pleasures fly; through which ye fly to paine  
Which still haue marr'd, but neuer any made:  
Contraigne your selues, and you shall ioy containe:  
If you be good, then \*glorious is your trade:  
For, nought is great on Earth, but that great hart,  
That scornes all ioyes by Nature bred, or Art.

76

\*Vaine pleasures  
doe effeminate  
the minde.

\*To obey reason  
is to rule  
kingly.

Rouze vp your selues, shake off this sloth of sleete  
Put on the mind that men of mind becomes:  
Away with all \*effeminate delight,  
That none but worse then women ouercomes:  
Shew your selues men of strength in Frailties spite  
For, graceles ioyes possesse but graceles groomes:  
O, tis \*Dominion in the high'st degree,  
When men to Reasons rules obedient bee.

77

Hereat their Conscience touched to the quicke,  
Beganne, halfe fainting, inwardly to bleede:  
No pricke more mortal then the consciēce pricke  
It makes our faith to faint, and kills our Creede:  
Yet, frozen in their dregges, therein they sticke,  
Without all feeling that which must succede:  
And, with hard harts (thogh said for their behoofe)  
They *Logus* thus reprocue, for his reproofes.

Wha



*Humor's Heaven on Earth.*

27

78

What wight art thou (presumptuous that thou art)  
That com'st to Councell, yer thou called bee?  
What pow'r dost thou this? by what desert  
Think'st thou we all should be controld by thee?  
We know no pow'r thou hast, nor wit, \*nor Art  
To take the guidance of our actions free;  
Being a meere stranger to vs and our state,  
Yet dost from either more then derogate.

\*Reason is  
thought to be  
most vnrea-  
sonable by the  
sensuall.

79

(teach)

Thou would'st bee taught (that thus presum'st to  
To know good maners, persons, time and place;  
These circumstances they should know that preach,  
Or else they may disgrace their Sermons grace;  
And those that liue by preaching do \*beseech,  
Not sharply checke, which tendeth to disgrace:  
Then think we o're our passions haue great powre,  
That giue thee sweet aduice for checke so sowre.

\*Philom. 9.

80

You may be gon, we need no counsellors, (words;  
That breathe out worse the wormwood with their  
We are twice seau'n, and our owne gouernors,  
Your proffred seruice no good \*sent affords:  
We are the highest Powres Compettitors,  
And fight for pleasure with our sense, and swords:  
We are resolu'd to satisfie desire  
With all the comforts that it can require.

\*Alex vltro-  
nea paret.

Doth

Doth Loue (quoth *Logus*) with our selues begin  
 It seemes not so, for with your selues it ends:  
 Foes to your selues, sith you are solde to sinne;  
 Yet will not \*see whereto that purchase tends:  
 To lose your Soules, and all the world to win,  
 Is the worst fortune, that fell Fortune sends:  
 O be indulgent to your Soules, for whie,  
 \*Life died it selfe, that so they might not die.

\*Not to see  
 our sinne, is to  
 live and die  
 in sinne.

\*Christ Lord  
 of life.

I am that *Logus*, which your Soueraigne  
 (Great sou'raigne *Psyche*) gave you for your \*guide  
 Which you would ne'r vouchsafe to entertaine,  
 Though, \*vnemploied, I still with you abide:  
 I pray you then (for your eternall gaine)  
 That now at last I may with you reside,  
 To doe you seruice, which if you will vse,  
 Ile make your life and death most glorious.

\*Reason, the  
 eye of the  
 soule.

\*Humane crea-  
 tures are rea-  
 sonable, though  
 many live  
 brutishly.

Let not my plainenesse with you, make yee plain  
 Of my sterne Course; for, sith I am the Sterne  
 That rules the Mind, I must her so restraine  
 (When Passions rise) that she, by me, may learne  
 The way to weale, which she seekes to attaine,  
 Which she, by my \*direction shall discern:  
 Now, if the Sterne resist repugnant windes,  
 The Bark, to which she's bound, to her she bind

\*Humane rea-  
 son assisted by  
 diuine grace,  
 true guide to  
 perfect felicity

84

oft haue heard, that Sores quite mortified,  
 neuer they be cured as they ought)  
 must haue sharpe Corraſiues thereto appli'd,  
 If one sore part may bring the whole to nought:  
 when leaue your Gluttony, your Lust, and \*Pride;  
 sober, chaste, and meeke, in deed, and thought:  
 this must you doe; and I must needes say this,  
 except I should both say and doe amisse.

\* 3. sins most  
 familiar with  
 mens nature.

85

ould I, your Guide, winke when ye go astray?  
 or see you runne in by-paths of offence?  
 If I drawe ye further on, out of the way,  
 and by all waies soothe v p your erring sense?  
 should I, like a rancor, you betray;  
 Which would, in time, your Soules to \*hate incense:  
 then let me haue leaue your Soules to loue,  
 Which least I do, when least I you reprove.

\*We hate our  
 euill Councel-  
 lors, when we  
 are plagued  
 for following  
 them.

86

repentance oft (too oft) comes too too late,  
 Though, better late then neuer to repent)  
 but ne'r too soone can Grace it animate;  
 for, Men, \*beyond their birth, are euill bent:  
 so, yer they sinne, they are in sinfull state;  
 for, sinne in their conception's resident:  
 Then fith yer men Be (whole) it Is (in part)  
 repentance should take Being yer the Hart.

\*All men are  
 conceiued in  
 sinne,

Time

87

Time past, is gone, in it none can repent,  
 If in that Time they did the same neglect :  
 The Time to come (although incontinent)  
 Is as vnſure, as is that rare \*effect :  
 Therefore the \*preſent Time for it is lent,  
 Which ſtrait is gone, then doe it not reiect :  
 Sith ſo ſmall time may all your time ingroſſe,  
 The loſſe of it may be your vtter loſſe.

\* Repentance.

\*The preſent  
 time is ſure to  
 repent in,  
 which is no  
 ſooner thought  
 on, but gone  
 for euer.

88

But, what auails an Angels tongue to moue  
 A fiend to goodneſſe, that by kind is ill ?  
 From which he is reſolu'd ne'r to remoue ;  
 No more can \*Reason their deſires fulfill,  
 (Though with all reaſon he doth ſeek their loue)  
 For, they deſire to liue corruptly ſtill ;  
 And thus, with bitter taunts they do requite  
 His loue, that euer loues to guide them right.

\*They are e-  
 nemies to rea-  
 ſon that deſire  
 to liue ſensual-  
 ly.

89

What ere thou art (quoth they) we know thee not  
 Nor will we know thee, ſith we know thou art  
 Repugnant to vs ; and, thou ſeem'ſt a Sot,  
 To ſeek to gaine loue by contentions Art :  
 Thou neuer knew'ſt, or elſe thou haſt forgot,  
 That manners \*like, do ſtill like loue impart :  
 Therefore farewell, except thou worſe wilt fare,  
 We are reſolu'd, in what reſolu'd we are.

\*The Iay ſits  
 with the Iay.  
 Eccleſ. 17. 9.



90

they to excellē fell excessiue-  
 ly, with \*griefe, that they could sin no more: \*A true mark  
 of reprobatio.  
 Now, they inlarge their Bounds of libertie,  
 though it were but too too loose before:  
 Like Water they \*lappe vp iniquitie,  
 which, through the, ouerflows both Sea & Shore:  
 cauterized Conscience being checkt,  
 comes farre worse, in Cause, and in Effect.

\*Iob 15.16.

91

thus cast from their societie,  
 Next passing pensiue (as one desolate)  
 because his Councell was no more set by,  
 and with their mother \*Phusis fell at bate;  
 being assur'd in her the fault did ly,  
 that they from him so much did derogate:  
 she knew one \*Praxis, Phusis follower,  
 had made them worse, then she them made, by far.

\*Nature.

\*Custome.

92

by the way we should not do amisse,  
 to shew how Ladie Phusis was araid,  
 Sith shee the mother of each matter is)  
 we do prosecute what Logus said:  
 for, so her nature may be knowne by this,  
 outward, inward Things haue oft bewraid:  
 for, though it seeme the Tale, by force, to part,  
 is recompenced with Descriptions Art.

Phusis her  
 habit descri-  
 bed.

Vpon

93

Vpon her Head sheware a Crowne of Come,  
 Like that of *Ceres*; sauing that the same  
 Was mixt (like *Achelous* his plenteous Horne)  
 With fruits of eu'ry kinde, which her became;  
 Her Haire by her was still disheuled worne,  
 Who naked was, yet her hand hid her shame:  
 Or if a Vaile she ware, it was but when  
 She was to come among licentious men.

94

About her Necke she ware a Carcanet  
 Of eu'ry Iemme as it created was:  
 About her Wrists, in Bracelet-wise, were set  
 The ores of Gold and Siluer, Lead, and Brasse:  
 Thus haue we made this Ladies Counterfet,  
 Who being bare, as barely must it passe:  
 And now returne we eft to *Logus* speech,  
 Who thus to *Phusis* chidingly did preach.

95

*Phusis* (quoth he) I speake with griefe of hart,  
 I needs must chide, sith your fault it procures;  
 Because you haue not plaid a mothers part  
 Touching the breeding of these Sonnes of yours:  
 I know you haue, by nature, so much Art,  
 As might make them obey their Gouvernours:  
 And, that you doe not, it is your disgrace,  
 That kill your Children with a kinde\* embrace.

\* As it is saide  
 of the Ape.

96

Come, You may, perhaps, suppose your selfe you cleere  
By saying, \**Praxis* hath abus'd you much;  
Horne) In altring of their natures, which were deere,  
ame; For that from you they all receiued such;  
rne, Which could not be, if you not faultie were,  
ame: For, you might haue restrain'd them with a touch:  
If then you had corrected \**Praxis* lore,  
They would haue bin farre better then before.

\* Custome is  
another na-  
ture,

\* Custome is  
ouercome by  
Custome. if  
Nature be  
willing.

97

Little do Mothers know what hurt they do,  
By their indulgence, to their saucie Sonnes;  
They make them wanton and rebellious too;  
For, let loose Nature, it to \*loose esse runnes;  
t, ill Soule and Body it doth quite vndoe;  
asse: For, Custome ill good nature ouer-runnes:  
t, But, if the Mother be as Mothers ought,  
She wil by Vse amend what Vse hath wrought.

\* Natures  
loosenes must  
be restrained  
by Reasons  
stedfastnes.

98

Phusis, not being vs'd such checkes to take,  
Beganne to kindle with disdainfull ire;  
And, like a \*doating mother, she doth make  
A stiffe defence, for her sonnes lewd desire:  
Alas (quoth she) should they all ioyes forsake,  
Which both their yeares, and natures do require?  
Or should they wear their days in wastful thought  
To bring themselues, and me with them, to nought?

\* Over-kinde  
mothers in like  
vnrind Chil-  
dren.

\* Though fire  
be good, yet  
fire in flaxe is  
not good: so,  
though plea-  
sure be good,  
yet in youth  
is not good.

D

You

You are no friend of theirs, if so you would;  
 And, if not theirs, then mine you cannot be:  
 For, me and them in one Loues Band doth hold;  
 Whom factiously you seeke to disagree:  
 I take their part but as a Mother should,  
 That her deere Childrens \*good desires to see:  
 For, it a tender Mother doth become,  
 As life to loue the Children of her wombe.

\*A good pre-  
 tence for a fault  
 makes the fault  
 the fouler.

And, are they not of flesh and blood compos'd?  
 Then can such mixture be aught else but fraile?  
 Or would you haue them otherwise dispos'd  
 Then *Adams* heir \*that hold but by the Taile?  
 And flesh and \*blood to strength are still oppos'd;  
 Yet \*strength, in weaknes, gainst it doth preuaile:  
 Sith so it is, my Sonnes may be excus'd,  
 That haue in weakenes powrefull pleasures vs'd.

\*Founts of  
 Fraillie.  
 \*Strength of  
 pleasures.

Now well I see (quoth *Logus*) thy fond loue  
 Makes thee \*vnapt to iudge what's requisite;  
 But, how if their loose liues the monster moue  
 (Monstrous *Gehenna*) to deuoure them quite?  
 For, he loues such to eate, as such do proue;  
 May you not thanke your selfe for such despise?  
 If Babes do burne them in a Candles flame,  
 Are they, or those that giue it them, too blame?

\*Affection  
 transports  
 iudgement in-  
 to partialitie.

These



102

These heauy words suncke deepe in *Phusis* minde,  
Who (as astonied) at the same did muse;  
Breath'd short, in \*passion, as if wanting winde,  
Yet at the last, his Spirite she vp did rowze,  
And askt of *Logus*, in the kindest kinde,  
What practise she to saue her Sonnes might vse:  
There, as Hell, that Monster, and I would  
My Sons (quoth she) frō him, by force, with-hold.

\*Reason is ve-  
ry preualent  
with the at-  
tentive.

103

Now *Logus*, glad her nature had such grace,  
Said, for mine owne part, I will but aduise,  
Not deale with them; sith they did me \*disgrace;  
Therefore I counsell, that in any wise  
You hie you to the Lady \**Aletheias* Place,  
And there inuoke her aide, with carefull Cries;  
Who is indu'd with power, will, and skill,  
To tell them of their misse, and mend their ill.

\*When Rea-  
son is reiected,  
men are left  
to all brutish-  
nesse.  
\*Truth.

104

Entreate her, who will soone intreated bee,  
(For, she doth loue to satisfie Good-will)  
To go vnto thy Sonnes of each degree,  
And tell them of this Monster, made to \*spill  
All those that liue secure in Pleasures glee,  
And greedily their hungry lusts fulfill;  
I will (said *Phusis*;) but where doth she dwell?  
Thou know'st (deare *Logus*) but I cannot tell.

\*Hell made  
for torment.  
Esa. 38 33.

D 2

She

105

\*Deceit and  
Guilt exclu-  
ded Truth frō  
the Earth,

She wonted was (said he) to neighbour mee;  
But since that \**Fraus* and *Dolus* (wicked Twinnes  
The World produc'd, I do her seldome see;  
For, she from my sights reach so slily rinnes,  
As though to her I were an enemy,  
Or made prodigious through my subiects sinnes  
Who prosecute her with extreame despight,  
That now she euen loathes to see the light.

106

\*Truth is one,  
but Errour is  
manifold.

Shall I (quoth *Phusis*) on the Earth her finde?  
Hardly (quoth *Logus*) being chaf'd from thence.  
In th'Aire, or Water then, or in the Winde;  
Or else within the Fires Circumference  
Is she (quoth she?) said *Logus*, these by kinde  
Are mutable, and full of difference;  
Which she cannot abide, for she is \* one,  
And rather will, then with such, liue alone.

107

\*As without  
the Sun none  
can see the  
Sun, so with-  
out Truth  
none ca come  
at the Author  
of Truth.

Is she to Heau'n return'd (quoth she) againe?  
That's like (said *Logus*) but th'art ne'r the neere:  
For, without \*her, thou canst not Heau'n attaine;  
For, all by her must come, that must come there.  
Alas (said she) how shall I her obtaine,  
Sith I must haue herselfe her selfe to cleere?  
For, as without the Sunne, none sees the Sunne,  
So, without her, none wots where she doth wonne.

This

108

his once (quoth *Logus*) I will thee direct  
The best I can, but cannot as I could;  
Hast haue heard, and finde true, by effect,  
That she is seene about the Mansion old  
Of father \**Chronus*, which he did erect  
For him, and her, (his daughter deere) to hold;  
For, \**Thanatus*, his Man, who riddes away  
That which his Master bringeth to decay.

\* Time.

\* Death.

109

Which Man, and Masters habites we might paint,  
Though we but Chalke, & Coles, and Ashes had:  
For, *Chronus* clad is like a mortall Saint  
In skinnies of Beasts, to shew how life doth fade;  
Which of their age did seem to make complaint)  
Girt with an Halter, or with Girth as bad:  
Upon whose Head, in stead of Hat, there stooode  
An Houre-glasse, as an Embleme of his moode.

The descrip-  
tion of *Chro-  
nus* and *Tha-  
natus*.

110

His Haire was white as was the driuen Snow,  
And from his Head it seem'd to hang, by drifts  
Turn'd vp againe; eu'n as the same doth show  
When it doth hang, so driuen vpon Clifts:  
His Beard, beneath his girdle-stead did grow,  
Which, platted, in his bosome oft he shifts:  
Whose right hand did a Sithe, still mouing weld,  
And in his left, an Horologe he held.

D 3

His

III

His Man hight *Thanatvs*, bare to the bones,  
 Was more then naked from the topp to toe:  
 All hairelesse, toothlesse, eielesse, stocks, or stone  
 Are all as quicke, though he much more can doe:  
 And all he said, *I was as you are, once*;  
 Which was in fullen silence spoken to:  
 Vpon a Spade he leanes, as if he did  
 By his day-labour liue, call'd *Wincke*, all hid.

III

\*Nature can not  
 abide Death,  
 nor Time run-  
 ning there to.

To these did *Logus Phusis* wish to wend  
 Which were to her the \*loathsom'st wights aliue;  
 And hardly thought that *Logus* was her friend,  
 (Although she could not otherwise beleue  
 Sith her and hers she sought still to defend)  
 That would to her such wofull counsell giue:  
 And, with the water swelling in her eies,  
 She thus to *Logus* mournefully replies.

III

\*A well tunde  
 tongue cannot  
 please an eare  
 viterly out of  
 tunc.

Alas (quoth she) and to them must I goe?  
 To their most hatefull houses must I hie,  
 That are the greatest workers of my woe,  
 And faine would haue me vtterly to die?  
 What \*words can please a prowde insulting foe,  
 That holds in scorne his foes humilitie?  
 Then, what hope haue I with them to preuaile,  
 Who, though I kneele to them, will me assaile?

What



114

What shall I say? alas, what shall I do?  
To winne their fauour, that will not be wonne?  
To go to them, I shall my selfe vndo;  
For, though I kisse their feete, they'l me ore-runne:  
If not, they'l paine me, and compell me to;  
Both which, if I do go, I cannot shunne:  
I am amaz'd, I know not what to say,  
If go, I die; if no, my Sonnes decay.

\*The choice is  
miserable  
where the best  
is misery.

115

What shall I do? deere *Logus*, tell me \* what?  
Oh happy were I, if this feare were past:  
There is no cause (quoth *Logus*) to feare that  
That no wight liuing can auoide at last;  
The Stag, the Rauē, and the nine-liu'd Cat  
Must know those houses, then be not agast,  
But go on boldly with erected Front,  
Where you shall see her liue in high account.

\*In case of di-  
stresse we wil-  
lingly imbrace  
the aduice of  
Reason.

116

If at the first you cannot see her face,  
Their Porter \* *Nofus* will you soone direct  
Vnto her priuy chamber, where her grace  
Will talke with you, in secret, in effect:  
But, see you bribe the Porter of the place  
With \* *Calor naturalis*, most select:  
So may you passe securely through each Gate,  
That leades to this obscured Ladies State.

\*Sicknesse.

\**Naturall*  
heate sustaines  
the vital po-  
wers in sick-  
nesse.

D 4

This

117

Sicknesse  
described.

This *Nofus* was a true Anatomie  
 (Though *Thanatus* be truely call'd the same)  
 Of mortall griefe, or curelesse maladie,  
 Whose Head was hāp' red (which him ill became)  
 With homely clowts (tide as vnhanfomly)  
 And with a staffe he went as he were lame:  
 A Gowne (with Potions stain'd) he, girded, ware,  
 Who painted as he went, and went with care.

118

Foure paire of Stockings did his Legs comprize,  
 And yet his Shancks (God wor) but little were,  
 Although the vpper Stockings were of Frize,  
 Thicke Frize, or Rugge, or else of warmer geare:  
 Whose Slippers were with Cotton lin'd likewise,  
 And yet of taking cold he still did feare:  
 Who lookt as he had not an houre to liue,  
 And eu'ry steppe he trode, his Soule did grieue.

119

His Face was of the colour of that clowt  
 That did his head inuolue, saue that his Face  
 Did looke more white: his Eies both seemed out,  
 For, they were sunck, & shrunke out of their place:  
 His Nose was sharper then an Adders snout;  
 His Tong, & Teeth were furr'd, in lothsome case;  
 His Lips were chapp'd, his Beard was drield ore,  
 And euer breath'd as he should breathe no more.

And

120

And therewithall he was so waiward still,  
That none might please him, but he fault wold find  
With the best words & deeds of meere good-will;  
His bodies paines so peruerse made his mind:  
His wozen whez'd when his breath it did fill,  
As, through the straitest passage doth the wind:  
And when he spake, his tong was furr'd so thicke,  
That oft his words within the same did sticke.

121

Yet ne'rthelesse, to these must *Phusis* hie,  
For, *Logus* held her to't by strong perswasion,  
Which thus she prest; Go, or thy Sonnes must die:  
Thou needs must do it, there is no euasion:  
Herein their life, or death alone doth lie;  
Then, of their perill if thou haue compassion,  
Thou must to These, that they may be secure,  
Then liuely go; for, Loue can Hell endure.

122

*Phusis*, though while-ere somewhat weakned,  
(By reason of these vncouth Accidents)  
Yet thus, by *Logus*, being \* comforted,  
To his direction and aduice assents:  
And now (all heart) she holdeth high the Head,  
Scorning her wonted dread, and dririments;  
And, in her loue to her Sonnes, thither goes,  
Their case to *Aletheia* to disclose.

\*Reason be-  
gets in vs re-  
solution to die  
courageously.

A

\*True loue  
deemes no  
paine intol-  
erable endured  
for the belo-  
ued.

A wearie iorney had she, and a foule,  
But, what paine is't a mothers \*loue will shunne?  
Who almost will forsake her deereft Soule,  
Yer once forsake her deere-bought deerer Sonne:  
By *Logus* helpe, she doth her feares controule;  
And to these houses goes not, but doth runne:  
And as she hies, she more and more doth learne,  
This Ladies Lodging rightly to discern.

The descriptio  
of the house  
of Time.

When to the House of *Chronus* neere she drew,  
(Which was a Caue in Rocke of Flint cut out)  
It, to the sense more horride was in shew;  
For, it with Mosse was inlaid all about,  
And ore the Gate, Harts-tongue, & Brables grew;  
As on the top, did Okes, old, stiffe, and stout:  
Which rocks rogh sides huge mossie Beeches bare,  
As if the Flint the weathers threats did feare.

\*The vpper  
Crust of a  
Rocke vnfre-  
quented.

This antique Top, where these trees did not shade  
A kind of Mosse ore-sprad, as hard, as hore;  
Which ne'rthelesse, did softly seeme to vade,  
And grew farre shorter then it was before;  
Ore which strange vermin pretty Paths had made,  
Which there did still increase in needlesse store:  
For, in those Places where men least frequent,  
There vilest vermine are most resident.

About



126

About the groundfills of this hideous house  
 (Without) grew Nettles, \*Hemlocks, and the like; \*Noisome  
 Amongst who were Snakes and vermin venomous; Plants pro-  
 Which vnawares th'vnwarie foote do strike: Mans more  
 Within the Caue was nought for Natures vse, noisome of-  
 Saue water, which ther leakt throgh many a creek: fence.  
 Where nought was seene but Darknes, nought was  
 But holow Ecchoes, making Noise afeard. (heard,

127

Neere to this vncouth Caue is scituate  
 (As'twere a vault digg'd vnderneath the same)  
 The House of \*Thanatus, which all do hate;  
 For, none came euer thence that thither came:  
 Then Chronus house its much more desolate;  
 More deadly too, in nature, and in name:  
 For, flesh doth faint, when but b'imagination  
 She \*sees this fearefull vgly Habitation.

\*Deaths house  
 described.

\*The Graue is  
 irksome to  
 flesh & blood

128

The Roofe whereof, with Sculles is seeled quite;  
 Whereon (in frets) hang shin-bones here & there:  
 The walls are hung with Mantles of the night;  
 Which, all with vermine vile, imbrod' red were:  
 If it, through any Chinke, receiued light,  
 It was \*soone stopt vp with feet which it did beare:  
 It paued was with Ioynts and Knuckle-bones,  
 Set in no order, but like scatt' red stones.

\*If Graues o-  
 pen by reason  
 of the earths  
 hollownesse,  
 they soone are  
 closed againe  
 with feete that  
 treade on the.

The

129

\* The Graue  
and Destruction  
can neuer  
be full :  
Prou. 27. 30.

\* Nothing  
more noisome  
to the Nose  
and Eie then  
a rotten Car-  
casse.

The Gate whereof is made of mans iust size,  
Which yet receiues all \*men that euer were;  
Vpon whose Pauement all flesh rotting lies;  
And, to the sense most \*odious doth appeare:  
For, here lie Armes, and there lie Legs, and Thies;  
Hete rotten Teeth, and ragged Iaw-bones there;  
Within whose pores, the worms do keep their hold  
Vntill they all conuert to perfect mould.

130

\* Friends of  
those that are  
in burying.

\* No sense en-  
ioyed in the  
Graue.

No one here keeps this grim Lord company,  
But sullen Silence, dust, and nastie mud;  
And, yet he seekes all mens societie,  
For, still he feedeth on their flesh and bloud:  
Hard at the Gate do mournfull mourners crie,  
And teare their haire, too like the Fury-brood:  
Which yet is neuer heard that house within,  
For, *Thanatus* is \*deafe, and heares no din.

131

\* The earthly  
Carcasse.

Rotten Corruption here doth reuell keepe;  
Where Worms (her Minions) out of measure dance:  
For, all about they trace, they turne, and creepe,  
And merry make with Fleshes fowle mischance;  
Who all the while lies drown'd in puddle deepe,  
As full of Soile, as full of Sufferance:  
Where Irksomnesse sits on a dustie Throne,  
As if he were Lord of that \*Earth alone.

For

132

For, Beauty comes no sooner to the Gate  
Of this true earthly Hell, but she doth looke  
As if she were in worse then damned state;  
And all her Graces had her quite forsooke:  
The Lures of Loue, here turne to Hoods of Hate;  
Hate that no Loue (thogh *Loue* it selfe) can brook:  
For, \**Loue* it selfe, which once three days lay there,  
Fled from the same as if it hatefull were.

\*Christ the  
Lord of Loue.

133

Here \**Zym* and *Iim* do loue alone to be,  
(Grimme Desolations sterne Consociates)  
The vale of Visions this doth seeme to me,  
Where Sense may see what Sense quite ruinate:  
Whose Organs here, lie in varietie  
Of transformation; which Sense deadly hates:  
Where lie all Obiects which the sight annoy,  
Yet tis the \*entrance to all grieve, or ioy.

\*Isa. 34. 14.

\*Death is the  
beginning of  
ioy, or misery.

134

Here Sense (saith Sense) lies in a Lethargie;  
Whose powres are quite suppress with Earth and  
Here \*Rest of Labour hath the victorie: (Stones:  
And, Sorrows here surcease their sighs and grones;  
Where lasting sleepe beguiles Calamitie:  
For, Flesh feesles not, if rotten to the bones;  
This is the Lake, which Men most loathe, and yet,  
It is the *Lethe* where they grieve forget.

\*The Grave is  
the rest of the  
restlesse.

Downe

\*The mortifi-  
ed in conver-  
sation most  
familiar with  
Death.

Downe a darke staire (the passage to this house)  
On eu'ry step sits all the impes of Feare;  
Confronted with *Chymeræes* hideous,  
Which makes all men to hate their comming there;  
Saue such as daily do that \*passage vse,  
And with feete-mortifide those steps do weare:  
To them it seemes not strange, how euer strange,  
Those Monsters do their vgly fashions change.

\*The Humors  
are the Chil-  
dren of the E-  
lements.

The Elements, whereof all Flesh is made,  
Do, with their \*Children, the foure Humors, lie  
Confused there, in Deaths confused Shade,  
That no Eie can the one from the other spie;  
But His that saw them ere they Being had,  
On whom alone, they all do still rely:  
This is the Picture of Not-beings Pit,  
Where it doth seeme (but doth but seeme) to sit.

\*Tombe or  
Pyramid.

\*Time ruines  
all monuments  
how euer sub-  
stantiall.

Sometimes, for pride, or praise, or both, some do  
Bestow a stately \*Couer on this house;  
For, worldly pompe doth presse them thereunto,  
To make the glorified more glorious;  
But *Chronus* spite that Couer doth \*vndoe,  
Which cannot brooke the pompe of *Thanatus*:  
It is but vaine the dead to honour then,  
With other honour then with Tongue, or Pen.

Hard



139

ard at the doore of this confus'd den  
 rau'nous Rauens, watching for their pray;  
 Which doore if *Chronus* opes, they enter then,  
 and with the Relickes, there, they prey, or play:  
 This Roomes description, no Pen well can pen  
 such as markes the measure of \*Decay:  
 tis a Heau'n to heare Hell well set forth,  
 and Heau'n, if ill describ'd, seemes nothing worth.

\*In a Grave  
 lies the Anato-  
 my of Ru-  
 ine.

140

The Rowme is little, this description great;  
 and yet too little, for so great a Rowme,  
 Where all mankind haue, and doe finde a Seate,  
 Vntill they haue receiu'd their later doome:  
 Let \**Aletheia* then make it compleate;  
 With all descriptions true, come from her wombe:  
 Suffizeth me to shew but eu'n a glaunce  
 Of *Thanatus* his Houses countenance.

\* Truth,  
 True descrip-  
 tions are able  
 to quicken  
 things dead.

141

The Porter of this Place (as erst was sed)  
 is \*hundred-headed *Nesus*; much more sterne  
 Then Hells grim Porter, with his threefold head;  
 The sight of whom made *Phusis* hart to yerne;  
 But, *Logus* said, she, by him, should be \*led  
 The Lady *Aletheia* to discern:  
 In hope whereof she did the better brooke  
 The horror of his most detested looke.

\*Sicknesse is  
 manifold: for,  
 we are borne  
 one way, and  
 die an hun-  
 dred waies.

\*Nature is led  
 by reason to  
 the knowlege  
 of Truth,

Now,

142

Now, by this time, she was within his touch,  
Who, to him trembling came submissively;

\* Gifts get fa- And \* gaue him of her *Calor* (though not much)  
mour, but not That she might be the better vs'd thereby:  
with Death, or *Nofus*, whom though diseases made to grutch,  
Sickenesse: fa- *Yet*, through that *Calor* lookt more cheerefully:  
uing that Sick- And gently, with familiar aspect,  
nes is the bet- He opes the Gate, and strait did her direct.  
ter borne by  
the gift of na-  
turall heate.

143

\* Who tenders For, he denieth passage vnto none  
sickenesse shall That makes \* much of him, or doth loue him well  
haue his com- But, had he well the Ladie *Phusis* knowne,  
pany. Perhaps he would haue bin to her more fell:  
Sickenesse ex- For, when she gaue him *Calor*, she did grone,  
tinguifheth our virall To thinke how soone he would the same \* expell  
flame. And, *Phusis* by no meanes can well endure,  
\* Nature can That *Nofus* should her any \* good procure.  
not endure to  
be bettered by  
Sickenesse.

144

But he to her is most officious,  
He tenders her his guidance, and what not?  
But yet the \* oddes twixt her and *Thanatus*,  
(Although by Him t'was more then quite forgot)  
Made Her entreate this Porter curteous,  
To call that Ladie forth, whom *Chronus*, got:  
And gaue him some more *Calor* in a Box,  
Which gaue him strength to ope the Ladies Locks  
Here

\* An inbred  
hate twixt  
Nature and  
Death.

145

Wherewith he went to *Alceias* Bed,  
Who ouer head and eares lay couer'd quite;  
And being naked, yet thus \* couered,  
He could not haue, of her, an open sight:  
But, he aloofe his errand vttered;  
Wherewith she rose, yet came within the night:  
For, she being naked Darkenes seeks to hide her;  
For, men without a Mist haue seld espide her.

\* Truth is hid  
with cloudes  
of mysteries  
that shee is  
hard to bee  
found.

146

But, out she \* (masked) comes to *Phusis* late,  
Who knew her not, because she came conceal'd:  
But, asked who she was, who did relate,  
Both who, and what, and strait her selfe reueal'd:  
At me behoues (quoth she) to hide my State,  
For, most men haue with me like Monsters deal'd:  
Who, like to deuills, authors of vntruth,  
Would force erroneous sense into my mouth.

\* Truth being  
masked we  
must vse the  
more diligence  
to discouer  
her.

147

I goe thus mask'd (quoth she) sith men like fiends,  
Of my destruction make no conscience:  
Statemen seeke for me, but for subtile ends;  
Some Churchmen would haue me Non residence,  
But where their pleasure, or their \* profittends;  
And, fond Philosophers peruert my sense:  
Strong thieues, & Lawyers, wound my tender hart,  
The one by force, the other by their art.

\* Many of the  
measure truth  
by their pre-  
sent worldly  
profite.

E

The

148

The Merchant and the slie Artificer  
 Will, for a penny profit stifle me.  
 With Falshoods cloake. The biting Vsurer  
 Doth vse me better, though but cruelly;  
 And, hath a will to vse mee worse by farre,  
 So he a farthing might the better bee:  
 But, of all men, that seeme me most to paine,  
 Vpon poore \*Poets I can least complaine.

\* Poets which  
 all men reue  
 for lying, doe  
 least lie of any,  
 the morall of  
 their fictions  
 considered.

149

For, though they hide me from the vulgar view,  
 With robes (as they suppose) that sumptuous be,  
 Yet giue they me my right, with more then due;  
 As they best know, that haue best eies to see:  
 They are my friendly foes, false-louers true;  
 Which hate, in shew, but do, indeed, loue me:  
 Whom I wil one day feed with more then praise,  
 Which Manna makes the look \* leane now adays.

\* Their soules  
 abhorre that  
 light foode,  
 for feeding, it  
 doth but fa-  
 mish.

150

All those that Offices, by coine, come by,  
 (To come by coine, by buying Offices)  
 In Church or Common-weale, do me desie,  
 For interrupting their by-passages:  
 No, not so much as Somners but can spie  
 The way to wound me on aduantages;  
 In summe, all sorts are resolute herein,  
 To loose me quite, so they thereby may winne.

Hau



151

Haue I not reason then, conceal'd to go,  
To shunne these Helhounds, hauing me in chase;  
Who study, by all meanes, to worke my woe,  
And with their craft transforme my constant face?  
I were vnlike my selfe, and mine owne foe,  
If I went like my selfe in such a case:  
By nature, I the Ignorant do hate;  
Then should I loathe, if I knew not my State.

152

But, wherefore *Phusis* art thou come to me?  
Who told thee where I lay? how found'st me out?  
Thine eies are dimme, too \*dimme me well to see;  
Then thogh thou see me, thou therof maist \*doubt.  
Quoth *Phusis*, that full well I did foresee,  
By *Logus*, therefore brought I this about;  
Who told me truly who, and where thou weart,  
Whose sayings, touching thee, I kon'd by heart.

\*Natures eies  
are dimd by  
Adams trans-  
gression.

\* Whether I  
be my selfe, or  
no, because e-  
uery like is  
not the same.

153

And I am come to thee for thine aduice,  
Touching my children; who (as I am told  
By my friend *Logus*) are in loue with Vice;  
Or rather to that strumpet they are sold:  
Who, with faire \*words doth sweetly them intice  
To thinke, and say, and do, but as she would:  
Who, as its knowne to all that knoweth ought,  
(In fine) doth bring her Louers all to nought.

\*Vices per-  
suasions are  
most forcible  
with the Sons  
of Nature.

E 2

They

154

They being bound to *Thanatus* his house,  
 Are bound likewise (ah woe is me) from thence  
 On the left hand, to the land tenebrous,  
 Whereas *Gehenna* holdes his residence,  
 Which Monster, being more then rauinous,  
 Will quite deuoure their Bodies, Soules, & Sense;  
 The manner of whose house, no tongue can tell,  
 But such as can describe the lowest Hell.

155

Heere, by the way, we will awhile digresse,  
 And prosecute the rest of *Phusis* plaint,  
 When as wee haue describ'd this little lesse  
 Then more then hell, which colours cannot paint:  
 For whatso blacke as depth of all distresse,  
 Where vtter darkenesse raignes without restraint:  
 Then sith we colours want, as all do see,  
 Our too light shadowes must excused bee.

156

There lie two waies from *Thanatus* his house,  
 (That still are two, sith they still disagree)  
 One on the right hand lies, scarce now in vse,  
 The other on the left, vs'd commonly:  
 That, on the left, is full of all abuse,  
 And leades vnto a world of misery;  
 Wherein *Gehennes* Hold is scituate,  
 Which, without \*Patterne, thus wee figurate.

\*Hell is much  
 more horrible  
 then can en-  
 ter into the  
 thought or vn-  
 derstanding.

A

157

A ruinous Rowme, whose bottom's most profound;  
A Pit infernall full of endlesse dole;  
A lothsome Lake where choaking damps abound;  
A dungeon deepe, a dreadfull darke some hole,  
Wher nought but howlings, shrieks, & groans do sound,  
And humane flesh still makes a quenchlesse Cole:  
The common Burse, where none but Bugs repaire,  
An Harbor full of horror and despaire.

An ample description of Hell.  
\*Reuel. 20.3.

158

Whose light is darke, which darke is \*palpable;  
Whose pleasur's \*paine, which pain no pen can tell:  
Whose life is \*death, which death is damnable:  
Whose peace is \*strife, which strife is discords well:  
Whose ease is \*toile, which toile's vnthinkable:  
Where most obedience, learns most to \*rebell:  
Where all \*confusion raignes in endlesse date,  
In a tumultuous State-disord'ring State.

\*Math. 8. 12.  
& 25. 30. Iob.  
10. 21, 22.  
\*Isai 30. 33.  
\*Reuel. 20. 14  
\*Reuel 16. 11.  
\*Marke 9. 44.  
48. Iſa. 66. 24  
\*Reuel. 16. 11.  
\*Reuel 6. 8.

159

Where \*toads, and vipers, snakes, and vermine vile,  
(Whose hissings make an hellish harmony)  
With slimie gleere, the place do cleane defile,  
Swimming in Suddes of all fordiditie,  
While one on others backe themselues they pile  
To touch the top of topleffe misery:  
Where heate, and coldnes, are in their extreames,  
And frozen harts do floate in sulphred streames.

\*Reuel. 16. 13.

E 3

The

The wals are hung with Cobwebs, which cõtaine  
Soule-catching hellhounds, clad in Spiders shape;  
The Roofe, of burning Brasse, which droppes like  
Frõ which no one below could ere escape: (raie;  
The paucment's ful of groundlesse gulfes of paine,  
Which thogh they stil deuoure, they stil do \*gape;  
Whose glowing Mawes cannot \*cõcoct the meate  
Which there lies boiling in an hell of heate.

\*Hell, and the  
Graue are in-  
satiable.

\*The damned  
still are dying,  
and neuer  
dead.

\*Math. 24. 51 Here, weeping warbleth notes that anguish show;  
\* And men And, \*gnashing Teeth tunes Iigges vntuning ioy:  
boiled in great Here, Seas of \*boiling Lead their Bounds oreflow,  
heare, & blas- To make a boundlesse deluge of annoy: (woe;  
phemed the The Sands whereof are Soules orewhelm'd with  
name of God Which though destroi'd, yet death canot destroy:  
which hath For, endlesse \*lords of death still life do giue  
power ouer To those that in that death there still do liue:  
these plagies,  
and they re-  
pent not to  
giue him glo-  
ry. Reue 16. 9  
\*Deuills.

(cast,  
From whose wide open Throats great flames they  
Which thũder forth with sense-cõfounding noise;  
The din whereof makes Horrors heart agast,  
Which in that den no other blisse enioyes:  
Such Gall of Gall affords no better tast,  
Which stil doth feed, with that which stil annoyes:  
Such boistrous Bugs can yeeld no other glee,  
But mirth is mone whereas such Monsters be.

Whose



163

Whose foul blasphemous mouths are fraught with  
That boils with heat of baneful poiso there; (spite,  
Which spite they \*spit against the Cause of Light, \*Reuel. 16.9  
Such is the enuy which to It they beare:  
And from their glowing eies flie sparkles bright,  
As they no eies but *Vulcan* Forges were:  
The sight whereof the sight doth so annoy,  
As thogh that sight that sense wold quite destroy.

164

Imagine now you see, (as there is scene)  
Millicens of Legions of this foule mouth'd crue,  
With fangs more huge then Elephants, more keene  
Then Crocadies chiefe grinders, to pursue  
Soules diuing in those \*deepes to be vnseene; \*Reuel. 20. 3.  
Which, ouergorg'd, them vp againe do spue:  
While these dogs watch to take them in the rise,  
With teeth to teare, & feare them with their cries.

165

Here may you see a Goblin, grisly grim,  
(With hooke and line) stand fishing for a Soule;  
Which, in those boiling \*Seas, do sinking swim; \*Reuel. 20. 10  
Baiting their hooks with Salamanders foule:  
Which, being hang'd he hales it to the brim,  
And, all the while, as hunger-band, doth howle:  
Which singred, forthwith, in the diuels name,  
Ingo the fangs, that inch-meale teare the same.

E 4

Then

Then there's witch (as Nodders for a knave)  
 And some Nodders, to catch a living Ghost:  
 That make Nodders to hide it selfe, and the  
 Much ease it then, they hide it selfe it should be  
 And so their wens be woe, with love they die:  
 Where the poor Soule is still in torment, till  
 And so the Nodders all their deadly poison, till  
 Which more then kills them, but they it knowe

The Nodders  
 And with the  
 Nodders

Now which of these is the most as an ever dead,  
 That is the most a world of Nodders, till  
 Whereby the Nodders more Nodders it is, till  
 And so the Nodders with the most Nodders, till  
 And so the Nodders as the most of Nodders,  
 Yet so the Nodders with the most Nodders, till  
 That is the most Nodders, till  
 That is the most Nodders, till

The Nodders  
 And with the  
 Nodders

Now which of these is the most as an ever dead,  
 That is the most a world of Nodders, till  
 Whereby the Nodders more Nodders it is, till  
 And so the Nodders with the most Nodders, till  
 And so the Nodders as the most of Nodders,  
 Yet so the Nodders with the most Nodders, till  
 That is the most Nodders, till  
 That is the most Nodders, till

169

That which is most horrid to bee heard,  
 Much more hatefull to be felt, or seene;  
 The Cookes oft gash their \*flesh, to interlard  
 With sulphure, with woe waxen leane :  
 The soft marrow the hard bone should guard,  
 The feeling woes incomparable keene :  
 Bone, and marrow, sinew, nerue, and vaine  
 There endure paines, farre exceeding paine !

\*Flesh of the  
 tormented,

170

Other Coasts of this infernall Realme;  
 Infusions Land, *Gehennas* lording place,  
 The Antitype of new *Ierusalem* )  
 Teezeth flesh, which pines in staruing case ;  
 Here, some do, naked, sticke amidst a streame  
 Of ycie congeal'd; whom cold winds freeze apace:  
 They draw they breath, more cold the coldest frost,  
 Freeze their intralls, and congeale their ghost.

A prudent  
 man seeth the  
 plague, and  
 hideth him-  
 selfe : but a  
 foole goeth  
 on still, and is  
 punished.  
 Prou. 22.3.  
*Frigida Ge-  
 henna*

171

Any spit (for rheums cold places breede)  
 Blowne, in Ice-cicles, into their face :  
 And those keene winds do forthwith do the deede,  
 And \*haile, of drops, make in a moments space :  
 Any ycie morsells there the mouth must feede,  
 And mouthes to ycie morsells turne apace :  
 There is cold comfort where is nought but cold,  
 That all congeales, on which it taketh hold.

\*Reuel. 16.21

Here

166

Then others watch (as Spiders for a Flie)  
 In obscure Nookes, to catch a flying Ghost;  
 That to those Nookes to hide it selfe, doth flie;  
 Which caught, they binde it, lest it should be lost,  
 And, to their webs of woe, with ioy they hie;  
 Where the poore Soule is still in torment tost:  
 In whom they all their deadly poison \*poure,  
 Which more then kills them, sith they it endure.

\*So fares the  
 Flie with the  
 Spider.

167

Now, sullen Silence raignes as all were dead,  
 Then, sodainely a world of Clamor rings;  
 Whereby the much more horror still is bred;  
 For, sodaine feare with it most horror brings.  
 No heart so heauie as the hart of Lead;  
 Yet sodaine feare doth start it when it stings.  
 The Lightnings flash doth \* feare more than the  
 That stil is seene, and stil is seene the same. (flame)

\*The light of  
 Lightning is  
 much more  
 horrible then  
 comfortable.

168

Heere, in a Chimney, all of burning Bricks,  
 Sits Grimnesse, and a red-hote Spit doth turne;  
 \*Reuel. 17. 16 Whereon a humane Creature, \*melting, stickes;  
 Whose grease doth make the fire the more to burn;  
 Which Turne-spit, oft, his filthy fingers licks,  
 And, with this liquor, doth his lippes adorne:  
 Basting the roast with what most torment giues,  
 Whiles the poore Creature dies, because he liues.

But,



169

that which is most horrid to bee heard,  
much more hatefull to be felt, or seene;  
these Cookes oft gash their \*flesh, to interlard  
the same with sulphure, with woe waxen leane:  
lest the soft marrow the hard bone should guard,  
from feeling woes incomparable keene:  
to bone, and marrow, sinew, nerue, and vaine  
to there endure paines, farre exceeding paine!

\*Flesh of the  
tormented,

170

another Coasts of this infernall Realme;  
Confusions Land, *Gehemmes* lording place,  
(The Antitype of new *Ierusalem*)  
it freezeth flesh, which pines in staruing case;  
Where, some do, naked, sticke amidst a streamie  
to yce congeal'd; whom cold winds freeze apace:  
Yet draw they breath, more cold the coldest frost,  
to freeze their intralls, and congeale their ghost.

A prudent  
man seeth the  
plague, and  
hideth him-  
selfe: but a  
foole goeth  
on still, and is  
punished.  
Prou. 22.3.  
*Frigida Ge-  
henna*

171

Many spit (for rheums cold places breede)  
its blowne, in Ice-cicles, into their face:  
For, those keene winds do forthwith do the deede,  
And \*haile, of drops, make in a moments space:  
On ycie morsells there the mouth must feede,  
Sith mouthes to ycie morsells turne apace:  
Here is cold comfort where is nought but cold,  
That all congeales, on which it taketh hold.

\*Reuel. 16.21

Here

172

Here some (but new arriu'd) while blood is warme  
 Attempt, by motion, so to keepe the same;  
 But strait they cannot stirre, nor Leg, nor Arme;  
 For, in the offer, they freeze stiffe, and lame:  
 Yet hold they vitall heare (the more their harme  
 For Ice, like Oile, doth feede their vitall flame:  
 If such a foe to life, as such a cold  
 Keepes life in being, life hath hatefull hold.

173

Who are so madde with paine that they do cry,  
 O what is this we feele! we feele, O what!  
 Is't limbes of Flesh that brooke this agony?  
 All they haue rag'd with paine; but this, to that  
 Is like the Ocean to a fountaine drie:  
 This flesh, nerues, ioynts, once Racks did lacerate,  
 Yet that with this compar'd, was Heau'n to Hell,  
 O what is this we feele? Sense die, or tell.

174

It's but a moment since we hither came,  
 Yet feele what paine Eternity inflicts;  
 And though eternally we feele the same,  
 Yet vs with what we ne'r felt, it afflicts:  
*Proteus* like still paines new fashons frame;  
 And one another euer interdicts:  
 Is this the Soule we thought with flesh should die  
 Which feeles these mortall plagues immortally?

Here

175

Here, some with hands fast frozen to their mouth,  
Do seeke to thaw them with their warmest breath;  
But lo, the \* frost that breath so fast pursuth,  
That it doth freeze in coming from beneath:  
So, hand and mouth thereby the faster growth;  
Yet liue they still, though frozen quite to death:  
For, like to Alabaster Tombs they stand,  
Frozen to death, yet liue at Deaths command.

\*Reuel. 16. 21

176

Here, boistrous Bugbeares do at foot-ball play  
With a still-toft and tumbled groning Ghost,  
To catch thē heat; which done, they dāce the Hay  
About it (breathlesse) being ouer-toft;  
So, with transmuted formes, it to dismay  
With feare that may afflict the seeing most:  
While that poore Soule lies panting like an Hare,  
Among foule hounds that seeke the same to share.

177

Now *Matacheyns* they daunce, with visage grim,  
And at ech chāge they chāge their horrid shapes:  
And at ech turne, they torture life and limb  
Of this tormented Soule, that, gasping gapes,  
As if the Ghost were yeelding at the brim  
Of deepe Not-beings Pit; which yet it scapes:  
At point of death to liue immortally,  
Is still to liue, and liuing, still to die!

Rewarde her  
as she hath re-  
warded you,  
and giue her  
double, accord-  
ing to her  
workes: and  
in the Cuppe  
which shee  
hath filled to  
you, fill her  
the double,  
Reuel 17. 6.

Now

178

Now comes a chased Ghost that flies, for life,  
 Before a foule-mouth'd crie of hellish hounds;  
 And being caught, twixt them is deadly strife,  
 Which of them all shall giue it deadliest wounds:  
 Each of whose teeth is like an Hangmans knife,  
 Which torments, if not utterly confounds:  
 O! thinke then what an hell of feare that hart  
 Must hold, that such infernall Hounds do start.

179

Here winds, that whistle while they freezing are,  
 (As if they merry were for freezing so)  
 Bring, with their working, pitchy clouds of Care,  
 Wherewith they are involu'd that thither go;  
 Those biting frosts do, there, make all things bare,  
 Which make the same a naked world of woe:  
 Where nought but nipping frosts are felt, & seeme,  
 Ne'r-vading griefes do flourish euer greene.

180

Deliver thy  
 selfe as a Doe  
 from the hand  
 of the hunter,  
 and as a Bird  
 from the hand  
 of the Fowler.  
 Thou shalt  
 They shall  
 p. 101  
 from the  
 waters of the  
 how to over-  
 much heat.  
 101.

Here stands a Fowler, fowle, with Nets of Wire,  
 To take a flight of Soules that staruing flee;  
 Late fled from whence they neuer can retire;  
 So, when in that fast-holding Net they bee,  
 He dragges them to the frost, or to the fire,  
 Where either are in the extreame'st degree:  
 This is the welcome which they first receaue,  
 That of their life mis-spent haue tane their leaue.

This



181

This flight thus caught, the Legions of the North,  
 Will all those Regions with their hellish howles;  
 And, with their vglieft formes, come roaring forth  
 To share among them those feare-shaken Soules:  
 The \*worthiest takes the Soule of smallest worth  
 To execute thereon the greatest doles. (feele,  
 Quake flesh to heare what fraile flesh heere doth  
 For endlesse plagues turne here still like a \*wheele.

\*The greater  
 the duell the  
 worfe.

\*Psal. 83. 13.

182

Here may you see, for anguish, some to tear (\*gnaw;  
 Their \*flesh from bones, yea bones and flesh to  
 That so they may no more those torments beare,  
 Which make the burst, with choler, in their Maw:  
 Some grate their \*teeth, as teeth they griding were,  
 To cut the flesh which they before did saw:  
 And all, and some, are so with tortures tir'd,  
 That they seeme quietst, when they most are fir'd.

\*And they  
 gnawed their  
 tongues for  
 sorrow, Reu.  
 16. 10.

\*Math. 24. 51

183

Here Bugs bestirre them, with a bellowing rore,  
 (As at a Scamble we see Boyes to sturre)  
 Who for Soules scramble on a glowing flore;  
 Biting and scratching, like the Cat and Curre;  
 Whiles with their Talons they their prey do gore,  
 And thogh they striue, they do, \*therein concur:  
 Within whose gripes the Soule, in silence grones,  
 For feare of feeling thousand hells at once.

\*In tormen-  
 ting.

Here

184

Here, in a corner fits an vgly Forme,  
 That on the matter of a liuing Corse  
 Finds matter of much mirth; which is, t'informe  
 Himselfe of all the sinews, and their force;  
 Who, with a knife, the flesh dorth all deforme,  
 To pull out nerues and sinews in their course:  
 Which like strings, broken, hanging at a Lute;  
 So hang these nerues the Body all about.

185

Here may you see some others driuing nailes,  
 Vnder the nailes of endlesse sorrowes slaues;  
 Some others, threshing them (like flax) with flailles  
 \*Reuel. 19. 3. The moow the vp, in groundlesse\* gulfs by thraues  
 Some, playing on their hart-strings with their nailes  
 Some others, broaching them on ragged staues:  
 And all and some more busie farre then Bees,  
 To gather hony from the gall of these.

186

If Paine her vtmost pow'r awhile forbear,  
 (As feld she doth; for, there she's still in force)  
 It is suppli'd with feare, surmounting feare,  
 For loe, in Azur'd flames, with voices hoarse,  
 Farre off approaching grisly Formes appeare  
 Which feare far off, & neare at hand, much worse:  
 For, Fantasie with paine is more orecome,  
 When it is comming, then when it is come.

And.

187

And, all about in darknesse, \*thicke as darke;  
 are seene to shine (like Glowworms) vgly eies;  
 Which (like a Partridge sprong) ech soule do mark;  
 so, that to scape no Soules pow'r can deuise:  
 Or, should they mount (as doth the nimble Lark)  
 A gastly Griphon doth them strait surprise:  
 Or should they sincke into Pits bottomlesse,  
 There shuld they meet the like, with like distresse.

\*Matth. 8. 12.

188

In mortall life (though mortall be mens woes)  
 Three things their vtmost rage do qualifie;  
 That's Comfort, Hope, and Rest; but, none of those  
 Come neare this place of paines \*extremity:  
 Mens Rackers, here, being tir'd, do let them loose;  
 But, they are Sprites that men, there, crucifie;  
 Who can endure all labour, without paine,  
 While they do Sprites (that is for ere) remaine.

\*The paines  
 of the damned  
 are without  
 end, meane, or  
 measure.

189

But, if mens plagues here immortall were,  
 And were of pow'r, vntir'd, to plague them still,  
 Yet would they them, yer long, to nothing \*weare;  
 Or them with lacerating torments kill;  
 But all, so plagu'd, are made immortall there,  
 Who thogh they stil are spoil'd, yet noght cā spill:  
 Thē, thogh Time wears that on Time doth depēd  
 Yet they weare not, for Time doth them attend.

\*Nothing in  
 this world that  
 is violent, is  
 permanent.

Yea

190

\*Immortall. Yea, thogh their Plaguers & themselves were \*such  
 Yet, in this life, the Instruments of paine  
 To nought would waste, with vsing long, & much  
 \*Reuel. 19. 30 But, that same fire \*Lake doth still remaine,  
 Which though it quite cōfounds, but with a touch  
 Yet, it confounds but to torment againe:  
 And, lest the fire should out, prepar'd there is,  
 \*Isay 30. 33 A Sea of \* Sulphure, which still feedeth this.

191

These present paines the Wit do (pining) waste,  
 But those to come the Will do martire most:  
 \*In this world The Memory is plagu'd with pleasures \*past,  
 \*In heauen. And Vnderstanding with the pleasures \*lost:  
 Which on the Soule the Soule of \* Sorrowes cast  
 \*The more our losse, the more is our griefe.  
 For, endles Ioyes to lose, crosse-wounds our Ghos  
 To haue bin well, doth but encrease our curse,  
 But, to lose endlesse being well, is worse.

192

\*The spirit of a man will sustaine his infirmity, but a wounded spirit, who can beare it? Pro. 18. 14.  
 \*Wert not for Hope, Heart would breake  
 \*Immortalitie naturally is good.  
 Then, what remaines to ease the wounded \*spright,  
 When *Hope*, that keeps it \*whole, becoms *Dispaire*:  
 For, in that dungeon of eternall night  
 That most doth ruine, that should most repaire:  
 For, Immortalitie right good, by right,  
 The Soule and Bodies powres doth most impaire  
 Then, hauing but one \*good thing naturall,  
 Yet that made worse then Ill, how ill is All?  
 There



193

There, taignes what not? (that is not to be told  
With tong, nor \*pen) that sense afflicts with griefe;  
There is Perditions home, Damnations Hold;  
Which giues death life, & death, giues life reliefe:  
It is the vnmort reach of Hot and Cold,  
And of Dispaire the habitation chiefe:  
In summe, it is the summe of all distresse,  
Which subdiuided makes it nothing lesse.

\*The paine  
of the dam-  
ned are as  
great as the  
wisdomme of  
the Creator  
could deuise,  
which is infi-  
nite, and vi-  
vorable.

194

These are *Gehennas* Comforts; these are they  
That still associate those that thither go:  
This is the Place of that fell Monsters stay;  
The Place where paine is infinite in woe:  
The way thereto is \*plaine, broad, Greene, and gay,  
All strew'd with floures, to rice men thither so:  
All which to *Phusis*, erst by *Logus*, told,  
On *Aletheia* made her fasten hold.

\*The way to  
Hell is hea-  
uently in shew.

195

Now, to returne to *Phusis*, and her plaint,  
Quoth she, (and her embraced all the while)  
Deere *Aletheia*, help me, for I faint;  
To thinke my Sonnes are neere this monster vile;  
Who, with his Tuske, will teare, and all to taint  
Their tender flesh, which filthy Lusts defile:  
Which to preuent, I faine would learne of thee,  
For, thou best know'st, what's best for them, & mee.

F

And,

\* All the earth  
callen for  
Truth, and the  
Heauen blef-  
seth it: and al  
things are sha-  
ken, & tremble,  
neither is there  
any vniuersal  
thing in it:  
1. Eids. 4. 36.  
\* In Heil is no  
redemption.

And, for I know thou canst aright perswade,  
(For all thy words are held in \*reuerence)  
I thee beseech from Vice them to dissuade,  
And from this Land; sith none \*returns frō thence:  
O bid them leaue their idle wandring Trade,  
And tell them of this inconuenience:  
Go, Lady go, the way thou canst not misse,  
To all their homes, and tel them home of this.

\* Truth, and  
Reason neare  
of kinne.

I would (quoth *Aletheia*) gladly goe,  
But that, I feare, they will entreate me ill  
For *Logus* sake (neare \*kin to me, they know)  
But thy desire I will herein fulfill:  
For, I will go, though I my selfe forgoe,  
To bar their course, and breake them of their will;  
For, life is wonne, though lost, in those Assaies,  
Wherein the loser gaines immortall praise.

\* Truth is the  
strength, and  
kingdome &  
the power, and  
maiesty of all  
ages. 1. Eids. 4  
40.  
\* Nature is  
greatly grie-  
ued till her  
sonnes be re-  
formed.

Go, gracious Ladie, \*glory bethy guide  
(Quoth Lady *Phusis*, to this hardy Dame)  
And I, meane while, will at this Gate abide,  
With my friend \**Nofus*, Porter to the same.  
So, on this journey *Aletheia* hi'd,  
For, she, though wounded oft, was neuer lame,  
In all her Actions shee's most vpright still;  
For, she will neuer halt, how euer ill.

This

199

This while fate *Physis* at this narrow dore,  
Talking with *Logus*, who came to \*her there;  
Because she did as he her will'd before;  
Who told him all her hope, and all her feare;  
How *Aletheia* did her case deplore,  
And went to schoole her Children eu'ry where:  
For; Hearts are eas'd when Tongs vnfold at large,  
The griefes, or ioyes, which do them ouercharge.

\* Reason doth  
cheere the he-  
uiness of our  
nature in case  
of distresse.

200

*Logus* her course, herein, did much commend;  
And cheer'd her, as she could, with heu'nly words:  
Praid her, with \*patience, to expect the end;  
And comfort eu'ry way to her affords:  
Strengthening her hope that now her sons would  
Sith *Aletheias* sayings would (like swords) (mend;  
Subdue all rancke rebellion of the sense,  
For, powrefull words winne more then violence.

\* Patience a  
daughter of  
the Heauens,  
the best com-  
panio of a for-  
tune forsaque,

201

They had not thus fate reas'ning there awhile,  
But *Aletheia* they farre off might see  
Flying to them-wards ouer stoppe and Stile,  
Of looking backe, as those that chased bee;  
The wel they knew hope did their hopes beguile,  
Which they, till they had tri'd, could not \*foresee:  
For, that which is contingent who doth kno,  
Are onely wise, and none but \*ONE is so.

\* Contingent  
Accidents are  
hid from the  
eye of Reason.  
\* God.

F 2

But

202

But comming neere the (almost breathlesse quite)  
 She, panting, told them (windlesse as she could)  
 How she had bin (by vertue of her might)  
 About the whole world, and, with courage bold,  
 (For which, she said, she was in painefull plight)  
 All *Phusis* children of their \*errors told:  
 To whom (quoth she) in diuerse formes I came,  
 Yet kept my \*nature, though I chang'd my name.

\*Reprehensio  
 vnwelcome to  
 all resolute in  
 euill.

\*Truth is like  
 herselfe in vn-  
 like subjects.

203

Some tooke me for grosse Error, some for mad;  
 Some, superstitious; some, hereticall:  
 Some, for Deceipt; and some, for Vice, as bad:  
 Presumptuous some; some, hipocriticall:  
 But, the \*most part, most malice to me had;  
 For they, at first sight, draue me to the wall:  
 Some seem'd to take my part with Tooth & Naile,  
 That did (indeed) me most of all assaile.

\*This guileful  
 world is mor-  
 tall enemy to  
 Truth.

204

The Curious rent my Maske to see my face;  
 The Prowd, orelookt, nay, troade me vnderfeete,  
 The Learned, grac'd themselues with my disgrace;  
 Th'vnlearned (graueld) filld my mouth with \*Greet;  
 Which made me faine, and speake as one in chafe,  
 So, all I met withall, with me did meete:  
 Truth gets but hate, but Adulation loue:  
 That this is truth, vnto my paine I proue.

\*Made Truth  
 to speak most  
 for the main-  
 tenance of  
 earthly mat-  
 ters, &c.

So,



205

So, when I saw the perill I was in,  
Away I fled, thus\* wounded as you see ;  
I held it base to keepe vnscar'd my skin,  
With mine aduenture might bring ease to thee :  
But *Phusis*, this I did thy loue to win,  
Whom I do loue, how ere thou louest me :  
No dearer loue can Loue bewray then this,  
To venture that, for Loue, that dearest is.

206

Ah, woe is me (quoth *Phusis*) that thou shouldst  
For my poore Loue (which thou dost well deserue)  
Venture that Iewell, which thou dearest holdst,  
Yet that rare \*hazard, not my turne to serue :  
Thy will I see, in that I see thou wouldst  
Venture thy life my sonnes liues to preserue :  
And that thou shouldst for that be wounded so,  
And they the worse for that, the worse my woe.

207

Can neither Caueats of Mortalitie,  
(Which flow frō thy mouth with almighty force)  
Nor my perswasions, more then motherly,  
Giue them some feeling of their senslesse course ?  
Are their \*Soules seared with impiety,  
That they for it, therein, feele no remorse ?  
Then what shall I a woefull mother do,  
But wish I *were* not, and my children too?

F 3

But

\*The wine is  
wicked, the  
King is wic-  
ked, women  
are wicked, &  
all the childre  
of men are  
wicked, and al  
their wicked  
workes are  
such, & there  
is no truth in  
them, but they  
perish in their  
iniquitie, But  
Truth doth a-  
bide, and is  
strōg forever,  
& liueth and  
raigneth for  
euer and euer.  
1 Esdr. 4. 37.

38  
\*Truth is in  
extream pe-  
rill of depra-  
uation among  
the vncleane.

\*The Soule  
that hath no  
feeling of sin,  
is dead in sin.

\*They that  
lacke least  
worldly things  
most lacke  
friends that  
will tell them  
the truth.  
\*Vennie and  
Iustice sup-  
ports the  
Thrones of  
Princes.

But what, I pray, did Princes say to thee, (die  
When thou did'st mind them that they once must  
They said, & therewith stabb'd at me (quoth she)  
I, like a deuill, in my Throate did lie:  
These, of all others, most I sought to \*flee;  
And yet I \*honor roiall Maiestie:  
Without my hand sustaine, Thrones reeling stand;  
For, all staied Thrones are staied by my hand.

\*Euer since  
Africa for-  
sooke th'earth  
who fouer of-  
fers Iustice a  
golden Scab-  
berd she will  
sheathe her  
sword therein,

And how (quoth *Phusis*) doe the Iudges liue?  
Many of them (replied she) doom'd me death,  
Because I would not (as did others) giue  
Them goldē \*Scabberds, Iustice Sword to sheath.  
How Lawyers? They by others losses thrive,  
And oft (quoth she) on all sides sell their breath.  
Physitions how? They reason doubtfully  
Till Fees they finger past recovery.

\*That life is  
worke then  
death that de-  
pends on a mi-  
ser pleasure.

Poore Poets how? while they (quoth she) do fill  
The world with Fables, feed theselues with hopes  
More fabulous; so hold they but at will  
Their tearme of life, of some great \*Lord that opes  
His Mouth, more then his Purse, their Eares to fill  
More then their Mawes; which greedie Famine  
Whose biting stomacks stil do stomach it, (grops:  
The while they starue for want of wealth and wit.  
Ah

211

Ah these deere Harts I pittie in my hart,  
Who liue by sweet \*Lines, which doe end their life;  
For, to liue long, they hang themselues by Arte;  
Or kill themselues with sharpe Inuentions knife:  
Sith they, to liue, thus die, without defart,  
Long may they liue where glorie is more rise:  
For, greater glory no flesh can attaine,  
Then die for glorie, so to liue againe.

\*Immortall  
lines in Poe-  
sie, are worse  
then mortall  
lines that end  
our misery. for  
the first make  
vs labour for  
our trauell, the  
last make vs  
labor for hea-  
uen. if wee die  
well.

212

And doe my sonnes (quoth *Phusis*) fare but thus?  
O then aduise me (Lady) what to doe:  
Who said, sith they no better are for vs,  
Thou must \* *Astrea* (my deere Sister) wooe  
To rule them with the Rod of *Summum ius*,  
Before themselues they vtterly vndoe:  
And wooe thy selfe to take it patiently,  
For, better thou shuldst beare, then they shuld die.

\*Iustice.

213

For, if she rule them not when wilde they bee,  
She will ore rule them being truely tam'd,  
If, in their life, she doe them not oresee,  
She, in their death, will see they shalbe damn'd:  
Thogh she be blind, she with mine \*Eies doth see,  
And I doe see how life and death are fram'd:  
And thus, the best aduice that I can giue,  
Is them to mortifie, that they may liue.

\*Iustice sees  
with Truths  
eies.

F 4

Which

214

Which hauing said, she *Logus* with her tooke  
 (To dresse her wounds) and hi'd her to her Bed;  
 So *Phusis*, being of them both forsooke,  
 Sate at the doore of *Thanatus*, neere dead,  
 And fell asleepe till *Logus* her awooke,  
 Who came againe to her as if he fled:  
 Whom when she saw, her hart receiued cheare,  
 And in her face the same did soone \*appeare.

\*The countenance bewraies  
 how the heart  
 is affected.

215

*Logus* aduif'd her strait to take aduice  
 Of *Thanatus*, and *Chronus*, what to do:  
 Which to performe, she seemed somewhat nice,  
 Because she thought they sought her to \*vndoo:  
 Yet, her loue to her sonnes did her entice,  
 Her enemies, in this behalfe, to woo:  
 And, thus resolu'd, she boldly rushed in  
 Those Gates, which erst to her had fearefull bin.

\* Time and  
 Death enemies  
 to Nature.

216

Whose slipp'ry thresholds had neere made her fall  
 Into the Lake of *Lethe*, hard at hand;  
 But, *Logus* held her vp; yet, therewithall  
 She grew so fearefull, that she scarce could stand;  
 But held by *Logus*, and a \*lomy Wall:  
 Then *Logus* her besought (that might command)  
 That she no more that passage would attempt,  
 For, tis not good the Fates too much to tempt.

\*Body of clay

But



217

But I (quoth she) will *Chronus* call outright;  
Who forthwith came, on her sweet sounding call;  
To pe by two wings, one\* blacke, the other white;  
And in his hand a Sithe, to cut downe All:  
Who seem'd behind but low, and\* poore in plight;  
But yet before, most pretious, trimme, and tall:  
Thus came he forth, and to these Ladies said,  
Who calls? and spake with motion most\* vnstaid.

\*Day & night  
are the wings  
of Time.

\*When men  
die, their yeres  
seeme but so  
many daies, &  
before they dy  
all their dayes  
so many yeres:  
The time fu-  
ture seems lōg  
but that past,  
extream short  
\*Time's euer  
in motion.

218

'Twas I (quoth *Logus*) know'st thou not my voice?  
Or wilt not, sith thou wilt become vnkinde?  
The time hath\* bin when It did thee reioyce;  
Though now (it seemes) to thee it seemes but wind:  
Wilt be vnconstant, so to changethy Choice?  
And shall I\* making thee, thee fickle find?  
But, if I shall, of this thou shalt be sure  
Thou shalt the lesser while, for that\* endure.

\*Before mans  
fall.

\*Time made  
by God, the  
fountaine of  
Reason,  
\*Iniquitie shal  
thorten Times  
con inuance.

219

Thus *Logus* *Chronus* did reprove, because  
He wold not know that voice which wel he knew;  
But, *Chronus* he himselfe, from them, withdrawes;  
As one that fear'd worse chiding to ensue:  
But, *Logus* bade him stay, or shew a cause,  
Which\* shews to *Logus* are all onely due;  
Without whose help, old *Chronus* doth but dote,  
And cannot sing or say, right Word, or Note.

\*Reasons are  
yeilded by  
Reason.

On

220

\* Still mou-  
ing.\* The office  
of Reason.

On this Iniunction, *Chronus* mute did stand;  
Yet stood as one that still on \*Thornes had stood  
While *Logus* seem'd his seruice to command,  
And gaue his Tongue \*powre to be vnderstood  
Quoth he, let *Phusis* haue thy helping hand,  
To make, ifso thou canst, her children good:  
For, they that hurt must heale, or make amends,  
Then (hurting them) on thee their help depends

221

\* Our Nature  
is apt to insult  
vpon the least  
incoragement

Here *Phusis*, hearing how he thus was chid,  
Was at the point, at him, likewise to \*raile,  
But *Logus* bad her (in her Eare) take heede;  
For, faire words wold with *Chronus* most preuaile  
Wherewith her headstrong Will she bridle did,  
For *Logus* loue, and for her sonnes auail:  
But yet she said, he did great hauocke make  
Of her deere children in that *Lethe* Lake.

222

\* A forcible  
meane to re-  
duce the euill  
to good.

In which respect she meekely him besought  
(By way of satisfaction) that he would  
Preuent her Childrens going all to nought;  
And, with \* Examples, them from that withhold:  
For I their Mother, (quoth she) still haue sought  
To make them liue as toward children should:  
And if they perish, it shall be their blame,  
For, Ile leaue nought vnought, to let the same.

I will

223

I will, quoth *Chronus*; and away he flew;  
And, in one instant, made (the world throughout)  
Babes, youths: youths, Men: Men, Old: Old, Babes  
*Physis*, mean while, with *Logus* talkt, about (anew!  
The hope she had that *Chronus* would subdue  
Her sonnes to *Logus* rule; which He did doubt:  
For, no man of a rationall discourse (worfe.  
Can thinke thei'l mend that still waxe worfe and

224

While thus they talkt, they on the sodaine saw  
*Chronus*, vpon his wings, returning fast;  
Which in her smoothest hope did make a flaw;  
For, so he fled as he had beene agast:  
What news (quoth she) as he neere them did draw,  
Fearing, ere she had spoke, he would be past:  
What do my Children? *Chronus* say, O what?  
Speake, speake, O speake, I \* long to heare of that.

\* Every moment icemes an Age to one that longs to heare that which his soule desires to know.

225

They are (quoth he) I know not what to say,  
Following their pleasures; and, do thinke of nought  
But how they may shift me with ease away;  
Yet I thereby the sooner them haue caught:  
O what a world it is to see them play (bought,  
(Like Apes) with each vaine \* toy too \* deerely  
He is no man that cannot do. what not?  
That wise men neuer knew, or haue forgot.

\* Fool himselfe is toy to him which is destitute of vnderstanding, &c. Prou. 15. 21.  
\* Vanitie holdeth nothing too deere, for things nere to worthlesse, that may any way tend to her pleasure.

Ay

225

\*Job 7. 6.

Ay me therefore (quoth she) but didst not thou  
 With thy Sithe menace them, to manage them?  
 Didst thou not tell them thou their Backs wouldst  
 And that this mortal life was but a \*drea<sup>m</sup>? (bow,  
 O! couldst thou not, with all this, cast them low  
 To mount them more to high Ierusalem?  
 What, haue they sense, and cannot vse the same,  
 That haue no kinde of sense of sinne, and shame?

226

\* No warning  
 will preuaile  
 with the wil-  
 full.

\* The Sunne  
 runnes an ob-  
 lique course in  
 the heauens  
 which mea-  
 sures time, and  
 in time men  
 learne to doe  
 amisse.

When night was come (quoth he) I told ech one  
 The day was past: and when the Sabboth came,  
 I said a weeke was fully past, and gone:  
 A month expir'd, I \*told them of the same:  
 And when the Sun his compleate course had run,  
 I said a yeare was past, and spent, with shame:  
 But, they that take delight to runne awrie,  
 Learne so to runne by *Sols* \* course in the Skie.

227

\* Men lewdly  
 liuing make a  
 spoile of time,  
 till Time  
 spoile them.

In Childhood, I did teach; in Youth, did threat:  
 In Manhood, I reprocued: and in Age,  
 With their own bones, their bones I sore did beat:  
 And in Decrepitenesse, I worse did rage;  
 For, I did euen quench their vitall heat:  
 And to the gripes of death did them ingage.  
 Yet for all this, they worse and worse became,  
 Still spoiling me, till them I \*ouercame.

What



228

What life then do my Yonglings liue (quoth she?)

The life (said he) of wanton skipping Roes :

What the Yongmen? Of Goates, in Lecherie :

And what mē grown? Of Cocks, prowd, prone to

What aged men? Of wolues that greedy be (bloes:

And what old Age? Of crafty Foxes those :

But, most of all, do most of all transgresse,

And \*all, and some offend, some more, some lesse.

The vices familiar with  
our natures  
in the severall  
ages of our  
life.

\* There is none  
that doth  
good, no not  
one. P sal 17.

229

Ah out alas (cride she) what then remains

To me, or them, but miserable woe?

But, I will trie if yet my care and paines,

Can moue them their wrong courses to forgoe :

*Logus* and \**Chronus* to you it pertaines

To take my part herein, as friends should doe :

Not I (quoth *Logus*) for, against their will,

I can saue none, that long themselues to spill.

\* In time, by  
reason, & ex-  
perience wee  
reforme our  
manners, if we  
be not vicerly  
void of grace.

230

So, *Logus* left them, and away he hide

To seeke *Astrea*; (who, the earth had \*left)

That she of *Phusis* sonnes might take the guide;

While *Phusis* ranne about (of *Logus* rest)

And on her sonnes, with tragicke voice, she cri'd

Pitty, O pittie, me, she cried eft :

Griefe, wāting vent, the Heart (tormented) breaks,

And Paine's not sad, while she at pleasure speakes.

Whereat

\* Leaving her  
last too restes  
among the  
men which  
n w are least  
acquainted  
w th her or  
her steps, viz.  
Husbandmen

231

\* *Venter auribus caret.*  
 \* No grace-  
 lesse wretch so  
 vnnaturall but  
 knowes the  
 voice, and law  
 of nature, be-  
 cause it is writ-  
 ten in all mēts  
 hearts.

Whereat *Poliphagus* (whose hearing was  
 All for the Belly) said, me thinke I heare  
 (Yet Eares the Belly \* wants, but let that passe)  
 The \* voice of *Physis*, our kind mother deare :  
 The other two said, How comes this to passe  
 That she is come? wherewith she did appeare,  
 And to them said, Deere Sonnes, how do ye fare?  
 Exceeding well (quoth they) and frolicke are.

232

\* *Sathan win-  
 noweth vs  
 like wheate.*  
*Luke 21. 31.*

But, do ye not consider (Sonnes) quoth she)  
 How neere ye are to be deuoured quite  
 By that *Gehenna*, which I loathe to see,  
 (Damm'd hellish monster headsmā of Delight)  
 Except you change your course, and warie bee  
 To shunne him and his hardly \* shunned spight?  
 For, that spīt's hardly shun'd that hath both force  
 And will, to make her Obiect worse and worse.

233

\* They liue ill  
 that thinke  
 to liue euer.  
 \* It is an ab-  
 homination to  
 fooles to de-  
 part from euil.  
*Prou. 13. 19.*  
 \* To haue  
 heauen in this  
 life, is to holde  
 hell in the o-  
 ther.

Alas (quoth they) we liue, as liue we should,  
 Prolonging \* Life with lifes immunities ;  
 Except the ouerthrow thereof you would,  
 Do not \* perswade vs to liue otherwise :  
 What thogh our Soules to pleasure quite are sold,  
 Are they not sold thereby to \* Paradise?  
 The Sale is good, as Reasons law maintaines,  
 When both the Buyer and the Seller gaines.

*Physis*

234

Wife (too fond, as too kinde Mothers are)  
 rearing them well (for well they seeme to be  
 that liue, how euer ill, without all care)  
 Was \*pleas'd with what she did both heare & see;  
 Who said, that *Logus* sed, they ill did fare,  
 And were in more then mortall ieoperdy:  
 But sith she saw they were in perfect plight,  
 she would (she said) partake of their delight.

\* We mea-  
 sure our frinds  
 well-doing al-  
 together by  
 the line of  
 worldly prof-  
 peritie.

235

indeed (quoth they) that solemne \* Sage we saw;  
 Who (algates) wold haue drawne vs frō our sports:  
 But, whilst he drew vs, we made him withdraw  
 himselfe from vs, with many mortall \*hurts:  
 He would (forsooth) haue had vs keepe his Law;  
 And done our Suite and Seruice to his Courts:  
 Then, sith he would needs Lord it ouer vs,  
 We as free men haue seru'd his Lordship thus.

\* A forner  
 loues not him  
 that rebukes  
 him, neither  
 will he goe to  
 the wise. *Pro.*

15. 12.  
 \* Reason is e-  
 uer impugn'd  
 and impeach-  
 ed by carnall  
 Libertines.

236

Would that (quoth she) ye had forborne, because  
 Many obey him that do rule aright;  
 For, Equitie doth limit all his Lawes;  
 And they are held for mad, that with him fight:  
 Hereat, as loath to offend, she made a pawse,  
 For, in their Fronts she saw the face of \*night:  
 When men looke blacke, then if you peace desire,  
 Looke white, for Blackenesse is the child of fire.

\* This makes  
 so many misde-  
 ries by reason  
 of flatterers in  
 the world, for  
 euery one co-  
 uets to please  
 for feare of  
 frownes.

Here,

237

Here, with a smiling, and indulgent looke, (sweet  
 (To change their fowre look with looks more true  
 She told them *Aletheia* vnderooke  
 To shew them what was for their safetie meet:  
 For, her (quoth they) we neuer yet forooke,  
 Because we neuer yet with her did \*meet:  
 Yet haue we heard that she is too precise,  
 To liue with vs in Pleasures Paradise.

\*Vicious li-  
 uers are stran-  
 gers, or rather  
 enemies to  
 Truth: and  
 her doctrine.

238

But doubtlesse (quoth she) *Chronus* was with you,  
 What said he to you? what was his aduice?  
 He ro and fro (quoth they) about vs flew,  
 Yet to stay with vs seemed more then nice:  
 He \*coldly sought our lusts heate to subdue,  
 But yet we wist, we lost him a trice:  
 Yet, yer he went, with him wee merry made,  
 And made him most familiar with our Trade.

\*These are the  
 last; and there  
 fore the worst  
 times, which  
 rather seeke to  
 reforme by  
 windy, then  
 explanatory do-  
 ctine, which  
 perswades  
 coldly.

239

Wherefore, we pray you, when you goe away,  
 Leaue him with vs; For, we do well \*agree:  
 I will (quoth she) so left them at their play,  
 And *Chronus* sent to beare them company:  
 With whom they reuelld out the night, and day;  
 Though He from them still sought away to flee:  
 For *Chronus* weareth not his Wings for nought,  
 Sith he doth farre out flie the swiftest Thought.

\*All times ap-  
 ter to Vice  
 then Vertue.

While



240

While they thus gamesomely with *Chronus* toy'd,  
(Deceiuing him with Fancies fallacies)  
They heard a voice (which sorely them annoy'd)  
That sommon'd them to leaue their luxuries;  
Herewith by *Thanatus*, they were \*destroy'd;  
To satisfie *Gehemmes* gurmardize:  
At whose approach, old *Chronus* fled away,  
For he could neuer yet, with neither stay.

\* They that  
liue without  
thinking of  
their end, doe  
commonly die  
ere they think  
of Death.

241

*Chronus* thus leauing them to be deuour'd  
By fell *Gehenna* (their foe capitall)  
(Of whom, by \**Thanatus*, he was assur'd)  
He fled to *Phusis*, and so, told her all:  
Who was within the Earths womb then immur'd,  
Prouiding foode for hir Broode great und small;  
Assuring her He school'd them as they ought,  
till *Thanatus* had them past schooling brought.

\* The first  
death, to the  
wicked, is the  
entrance into  
the second.

242

*Phusis* herewith tormented in the Soule,  
Ranne (as distracted) where sicke Fancie pleas'd;  
Till, at the last, she heard her Sonnes to howle,  
As those that were most damnably diseas'd:  
Exclaiming on their liues, and \* follies fowle,  
That pleas'd the Sēse with all that now displeas'd:  
But such compunction neuer comes but where  
The penitent doth desperate appeare.

\* Repentance  
may be too  
late, but neuer  
too soone.

G

So,

243

\* Tyrants.

\* If good, they  
raise if bad,  
they ruine it.

So, when she had well wai'd their agonies  
Which they endured in that Monsters Lawes,  
And, hauing view'd the like extremities,  
Proceeding from the like, or worser cause,  
Of cruell \* Kings, that of Blood make but Size  
To glew together their most bloody Lawes:  
Of corrupt Iudges; and Priests negligent,  
The three that \* raise, or ruine Gouernment.

244

\* A great tor-  
ment, in the  
life to come, is  
due to those  
that can and  
will take such  
an immortall  
revenge for a-  
ny mortall in-  
iurie.

The working woes of th' idle-curious;  
Of the Rich-couetous; and the Poore-prowde;  
Rebellious Subiects; Courtiers vicious: (Crowdes  
Lasciuious Dames; damn'd Bawdes; the cursed  
Erroneous Teachers; Poets \* Libellous:  
Cau'ling Philosophers, (by fooles allow'd)  
Of craftie Merchants; lying Aduocates:  
And swearing Sea-men; roving Runnagates.

245

\* Fear e.

In few, when she had seene the many woes  
Of all that in *Gehennaes* Hold abide,  
She was, by \* *Phobus*, (who attended those)  
Brought to the place where she did erst reside;  
Where she did many Praiers sweete compose  
Vnto *Astrea*, (whom the Heau'ns did hide)  
That she would digne to teach, and to correct  
The rest of her wilde Children of each Sect.

So,

246

So, at these holy Praiers her I leaue,  
 (Sich they are neuer \* left that so do pray;) )  
 Now, Poets say (that all in all perceiue)  
 Is this a Fiction? or a true Essay?  
 If both, then both are ready to deceaue  
 Those that wold picke this Locke without a \* kay:  
 But, be it what it will, it is the same  
 That is in earnest true, how ere in game.

\* None are  
 forsaken of  
 God that  
 cleaue to him  
 by humble &  
 hearty praise.

\* The Kay of  
 Intelligence.

*Bene cogitata, si excidunt, non occidunt.  
 Mimi. Publiani.*

## THE SECOND TALE:

Containing,  
*The Ciuile Warres of Death  
 and Fortune.*

I

There was a Time (as I haue heard it sed,  
 By those that did, at least, in Print it finde)  
 A certaine Marriage was solemnized  
 Betweene a mortall Paire of noble kinde;  
 And, for the loue of those whom Loue doth wed,  
 Immortall Gods the \* company refin'd  
 With their pure presence; who, the Feast to grace  
 Did reuell (as did all the rest) a space.

\* The Sonne  
 of Gods first  
 miracle hee  
 wrought at the  
 marriage, Ioh.  
 2. honouring  
 the feast with  
 his personall  
 presence.

G 2

Among

2

Among the rest of that immortall Crue, (like,  
 Danc'd Death and Fortune, whose Masks were so  
 That none, that danc'd, the one from other knew,  
 So, in their choice of them they were to seeke:  
 For, some that sought for Fortune, \*Deth out-drew,  
 And some that sought for Deth, did Fortune strike:  
 Time was their Minstrell, who did euer play,  
 Aswell when they did dance, as they did stay.

\* The wisest  
 men are oft  
 thus mistaken  
 for not being  
 able to foresee  
 perfectly fu-  
 ture events.

3

Fortune delighted most to dance with those  
 That best could flatter, and the time obserue;  
 But Death still lou'd to foote it with his foes;  
 Or else with such as he saw best \*deserue: (goes,  
 When Fortune danc'd, she turnes, she comes, and  
 And kept no time, though Time his turns did serue:  
 But, while death danc'd, he did those Measures tread,  
 Whose times were long, & short, & tunes were dead

\* The best men  
 Death soonest  
 takes away,  
 because this  
 wicked world  
 is unworthie  
 of them.

4

So, Fortune vs'd Lauoltaes still to dance  
 That rise, and \*fall, as Time doth either play:  
 And Death the Measure of least dalliance,  
 That's Passing-measure, and so strait away:  
 Or else the shaking of the Sheets(perchance)  
 Which he would dance, vntired, night and day:  
 Wherein he put them downe, so that he did  
 Drive them from dancing vnto \*Winck-all-hid.  
 The

\* Fortune is  
 ever in that  
 motion like a  
 wave moued  
 with the wind.

\* A sport so  
 called.



5

The dācing done, while yet their bloods were hot,  
 Fortune and Death began on tearmes to stand;  
 Which, for their dancing, had most glorie got;  
 And, who their actions did best command:  
 From which dispute (with choller ouershot)  
 They fel to \* vrge their powres by Sea and Land;  
 The while the Gods stoode most attentiuely,  
 To heare their more contentious *Colloqui*.

\* The contentious take  
 small occasi-  
 on to contend.

6

When loe Deth (Lord of all that breathe this aire)  
 Thus gan t'inforce his powre, beyond compare;  
 I know (saith he) their honors they impaire  
 That striue with those that their \* inferiors are:  
 Yet Foulness is not made a whit more faire  
 By being compar'd with Beauty, much more rare;  
 But, Foulness takes the greater foile thereby,  
 And Moles are foiles to set forth Beauties die.

\* Yet mightie  
 men of our  
 present times  
 thinke other-  
 wise, as appea-  
 reth by their  
 actions. Op-  
 pression.

7

Wert thou not blind (bold baiard) thou woldst see,  
 A mighty diffrence twixt thy might and mine;  
 Sith among those that most almighty bee,  
 I do admit no power more diuine:  
 For Empire large, who can compare with mee,  
 Sith Earth and Aire the same cannot confine:  
 Nay, in Earth, Water, yea, in Aire, and \* Fire  
 (That's all in all) I rule as I desire.

\* All elemen-  
 tall bodies  
 subiect to  
 death.

G 3

What

What breathes, or hath a vegetatiue Soule,  
But paies me tribute, as vnto their King?

\* Which shall  
haue an end.

Nay, doe I not the hoast of \*starres controule?  
Then Heau'n and Earth I to obedience bring:  
And Kings, as Beggars, are in my Checke-role;  
Nay, Kings more oft then Beggars do I sting;  
As farre as any thing hath \* motion, I  
Play *Rex*, for, all that liue, do liue to die.

\* Al that hath  
motion is sub-  
iect to disso-  
lution.

And therefore testifie thie modestie  
(For error to defend is impudence)

In graunting that which thou canst not deny,  
And to be true, thou know'st in conscience:

\* The Eie is  
saide to cause  
our blushing  
&c.

Thou sure woldst blush, if thou hadst but one \*eie,  
To stand on tearmes with mine omnipotence:  
But sith thine Eies are blind, and Iudgement too,  
Thou canst not blush at that thou can'st not doo.

Thy reasons seeme (quoth Fortune) strong to such,  
As do but sleightly weigh them; but to mee,  
(That seeth more then thou, at least as much,  
For, thou wantst \* Eyes, as well as I, to see)

\* Iustice, For-  
tune, & Death  
are cielesse sith  
they haue no  
respect of per-  
sons,

They are too base, to brooke my Trialls Touch,  
For, Tyranny is no true Sou'raigntie:  
And, Empire large, consistes not of large Partes,  
But in the free subiection of whole Harts.

11

Can any King be happy or secure  
That drawing bodies, cleane with-draw the harts?  
Or is it like that Kingdome should endure,  
That is, by Hate, diuided into Parts \*  
And Hate a cruell Prince must needes procure,  
That seekes his weale by all his Subiects smart: :  
The Will is free, and will not be constrain'd,  
How ere, for it, the body may be pain'd.

\* A kingdom  
diuided, is at  
point to be  
dissolued.

12

As vniuerfall as the Vniuerse  
Extends (I graunt) thy grand authoritie:  
And that thy Takers (more then most peruerse)  
Sicknesse, Mischance, Disgrace, and Destinie,  
Thy tribute take from Man, Beast (tame or fierce)  
To fill thy still-consuming Treasurie:  
But, their \*vntimely taking, with high hand,  
Makes thy rule odious on Sea and Land.

\* Vntimely as  
well as vnrea-  
sonable tax-  
ings withdraw  
the loues of  
the Subiects.

13

Such Officers, in each craz'd common-weale;  
(That vnder colour of their Offices,  
Do, with the Sou'raignes fauour badly deale)  
Great Mischiefs \*cause, & Inconueniences; (feele  
Which though they touch the Subiects, kings do  
Who often smart for suffring that disease:  
When Princes tend their priuate, and neglect  
The common good, they cause this sore effect.

\* Princes of-  
ten become o-  
dious to their  
subiects tho-  
row the fault  
of those who  
they put in  
trust to go  
uerne vnder  
them.

G 4

But

14

But ballance, on the other side, my might  
 In th'vpright Scholes of true Indiffrencie,  
 And, thou shalt find I haue their heart and spright  
 Freely obaying mine authoritie:  
 For, thou compellest, but I do inuite:  
 I Fauors \* giue, whose vse thou dost deny:  
 I do promote all those that rise to mee,  
 But thou subuertest those that fall to thee.

\*The readiest  
 way to winne  
 hearts.

15

Then, though that vniuersall be thy powre,  
 Thinke not, therefore, Loue must to thee be such:  
 For Wir and Courage may high place procure,  
 But \*Loue and Bountie ampler powre by much:  
 Then of my currant Cause I am so sure,  
 That I dare rubbe it hard on Trialls Touch:  
 And, for my part, to end this Ciuile Warre,  
 Ile put it to iudicious *Iupiter*.

\*Loue and  
 Bountie the  
 best Baies to  
 catch men.

16

Although I iustly may (quoth Death) deny  
 To put a question, without question,  
 Vnto the Iudgement of selfe-Equity,  
 (For so I hold iust \* *Iupiter* alone)  
 Yet (not affecting Singularitie)  
 Ile make him Iudge in this Contention:  
 Now Fortune, proue thy powre, as I will nine,  
 And then let *Iupiter* iudge both in fine.

\*Captaine be-  
 negligent iam.

So,



17

So, when they were (to play this masters Prize)  
 Entred this round worlds spacious Theater,  
 Fortune adorn'd her selfe with Dignities,  
 With Gold, & \* Iems which made All follow her:  
 These did she fall, to make her followers rise,  
 To gather which, they did themselves bestirre:  
 Keisars and Kings, that vs herd her the way, (way.  
 Oft caught much more then they could \* beare a-

\* Men are fo-  
 nored and ro-  
 laved in his  
 world, onely  
 for their for-  
 tunes.  
 \* They got  
 erronies  
 which they  
 could not  
 holde.

18

Here might you see (like Beggars at a dole)  
 Some throng'd to death, in scābling for her almes;  
 He oft sped best, that was the veriest \* foole; (Palms  
 Some tooke vp Coine, some Crownes, and others  
 For which they pull'd each other by the Pole,  
 While \* other some, for thē, found precious Balms:  
 Some found odde ends to make their States intire,  
 And all found some thing that they did desire.

\* Fortune fa-  
 vours fooles,

\* Chirurgions.

19

But, that which was most notable to see,  
 Was the poore Priest, who still came lagging last,  
 As if (God wot) he car'd not rich to bee,  
 To whom kinde Fortune Liuings large did cast  
 (As t'were to guerdon his humilitie)  
 Which, in the name of God, he still held fast:  
 And still look'd \* downe to find more, if he might,  
 For, well he found, he found well by that sleight.

\* the way to  
 thrive in that  
 function.

Philo-

\* Elixir.

Philosophers (that gold did still neglect)  
 Lookt only but (wise-fooles) to find their \* Stone;  
 Which toy, in truth, was nothing, in effect,  
 But to get all the world to them alone:  
 For, with that Stone they would pure gold proiect  
 Worth all the \* world by computation:  
 But, whiles they sought a Stone so rich and faire,  
 They perfect gold but turn'd r' imperfect aire.

\* A little ther-  
 of multiplies  
 infinitely, as  
 Alchymists  
 affirme.

Thus, at the heeles of Fortune all attend,  
 Whom well shee feed for attending so:  
 On th'other side, Death to and fro did wend  
 To seeke one that with him would gladly go:  
 \* Life is sweet. But, none he \* found; which made him those to end  
 He ouertooke, in going to and fro:  
 For, those which are vnwilling Death to meete,  
 He is most willing soonest them to greece.

Nor could those Officers that him foreranne  
 (Sickenesse, Mischance, Disgrace, and Destinie)  
 Affect, with his affection, any Man;  
 For, none they found that willingly would die,  
 Sith all, before, with \* fauours, Fortune wan,  
 And, such desir'd to liue eternally:  
 For, it is death to thinke on Death with such,  
 That Fortune makes too merry with too much.

\* O Death,  
 how bitter is  
 thy remem-  
 brance to a  
 mā that hath  
 pleasure in his  
 riches? Eccles.  
 41. 1.

Through

23

Through Campos, & Hosts he traueled with a trice,  
For, soldiers needs must meet death by their trade)  
At last he came where some were throwing dice,  
Who first a Breach should enter newly made;  
Lord how some chaf'd (through Glories auarice)  
For missing that which they wold not haue \* had:  
And, he that wan, to lose his life did strue,  
Yet so, as faine he would haue scapt aliue.

\* *Fronse nullo  
fides.*

24

Among the rouing Crew, at Sea, he fought  
For one that willing was to go with him,  
Who, thogh they valu'd all their liues at nought,  
And oft for trifles ventred life & limme, (bought  
Yet when their woorthlesse bloods were to bee  
They sold them deerely, and in blood did swim  
From bloody death, as long as they could moue,  
For thogh they fear'd not death, they life did loue.

25

Through the Turkes Gallies, 'mong the Slaues he  
To seek some desp'rat slaue that long'd to die; (went  
But loe, not one to die would yeeld consent,  
For, all, through \* hope, still lookt for libertie:  
Hope doth the hart enlarge that Griefe forspents;  
And Faith keeps Hope and Life, in charitie.  
Dispaire can neuer seize that hopefull hart,  
That can, through \* Faith endure an hell of smart.

\* Hope of future good, in this life, makes men feare death as an intollerable euill.

\* 1. John 5 4.

At

\* None so  
mortified but  
feares death  
in point of dy-  
ing.

At last he to a Monasterie came,  
(Where mortified life is most profess'd)  
And sought for one to meete him in the same;  
But, all therein from sodaine \* death them blest:  
And prai'd to Iesus so their liues to frame  
That sodainely Death might not them arrest:  
A *Pater noster*, *Aue*, and a *Creede*,  
They thought right wel bestow'd, so wel to speed.

\* The feare of  
finall or parti-  
cular iudge-  
ment makes  
Death vnwel-  
come.

Thence went he to an holie Ancrets Cell,  
Who seem'd to be quite buried there aliue;  
He Death embrac'd, but yet the feare of Hell  
Made him with Death, for life (in loue) to \* strue:  
He knew himselfe (old Fox) perhappes, too well  
Strait to presume that God would him forgieue:  
So, was most willing, and vnwilling too,  
To do as present Death would haue him doo.

\* Fortune.

In fine, Death doubting in his Cause to faile,  
Intreated Sickenesse such an one to finde,  
That wold not flinch, thogh Deth did him assaile,  
And scorn'd the fauors of that Goddesse \* blinde:  
So, Sickenes went, through many a lothsome Iaile,  
And found, at last, one mortified in minde:  
Who though he were but poore, yet held it vaine,  
To follow Fortune that did him disdaine.



29

On whom seiz'd Sicknesse, with resistlesse force,  
And, pull'd him downe so low, he could not stand;  
To whom Death came, to make his corps a Corse,  
Yet, as his friend; first shak'd him by the hand;  
And by \* perswasions, would him faine enforce,  
With willing minde, to be at his command:  
Which if he would, Death promis'd faithfully,  
He should die sleeping, or most easily.

\* Deaths clo-  
quece is harsh  
to the eare of  
flesh & blood

30

This forlorne wretch thākt death for his good wil,  
But yet desir'd one happy howre to liue,  
Which ended, he would Deaths desire fulfill,  
Who from him with a Purge, did Sicknesse driue,  
\* Which shortly did one of his Kinred kill,  
From whome, as heire he did some wealth receiue:  
And being well in state of health, and wealth,  
He followed Fortune more thē Death, by stealth.

\* That which  
cures one may  
kill another.

31.

Now, hee betooke him to a Furriers Trade,  
And hauing Stock, hee multiplide his Store;  
Then Death did mind him of the match he made,  
But, him hee answer'd as hee did before:  
Quoth he, O marre me not ere I am made,  
But let me get (kind Death) a \* little more:  
Contēte (quoth Death) thou shalt haue thy desire,  
So I may haue thereby what I require.

\* Conterdusnes  
is like the  
Droppe: the  
more it drinks  
the more it  
may.

Sables,

\* The more  
interest wee  
haue in this  
world, the  
more loath  
we are to  
leauē it.

Sables and Ermines Death for him did kill,  
And made his wealth thereby, by heapes, increase  
Who hauing now (death thought) the world at will,  
He asked him if now he would de cease:  
Who yet desired life, of Dearh, to fill  
His coffers to the top, thē would he \* cease: (nough  
Death yet seem'd pleas'd, and brought all those to  
Th'reuersions of whose States he erst had bought.

\* When life  
is at the best,  
then Death  
is better.

'Then, when he had a world of wealth obtain'd,  
Death came againe for his consent to die;  
But now he told Death, his mind more was pain'd  
With thought, and \* care, then erst in pouertie:  
Therefore he prai'd his death might be refrain'd,  
Till he had gotten some Nobilitie:  
And then he would go willingly with Death,  
And (nobly) yeelde to him his deereft breath.

\* A custome  
among the  
Germans.

Death yet agreed (sith his good will he sought)  
And gaue him leauē to compasse his intent;  
Who, of a noble-man, decayed, bought  
Both Land & \* Lordship, Honor, House, & Rent;  
Then Hee turn'd Courtier, and with Courtiers  
(By Deaths assistance, & with mony lent) (wrought  
That he, in time, became a mightie King;  
And al his Proiects to effect did bring.

Then,

35

Then, Death (not doubting of his will to die)  
 Into him came, to know his will therein;  
 But, he did Death intreate (most earnestly)  
 That sith to him he had so gracious bin,  
 He yet might gaine imperiall \* Dignitie  
 Before his Death, which soone he hop'd to win:  
 And then he would most willingly resigne  
 His life to Death, although a life diuine.

\* Which had,  
 makes death  
 the more it-  
 some.

36

Death, hoping, that the greater he was made,  
 The greater glorie he, by him, should gaine,  
 Which might the vmpire *Jupiter* perswade  
 That Death in powre, was Fortunes Soueraigne)  
 Made neighbour Kings each other to invade,  
 To whom this King a Neuter did remaine;  
 Who whē they had by wars themselues consum'd,  
 He all their States, as Emperour, assum'd.

37

Now being *Cesar*, Death came strait to him,  
 As most assured of his company,  
 But to the Emperour he seem'd more grim  
 Then erst he did, which made him loath to die;  
 Come on (quoth Deth, & therewith held a limme)  
 No oddes there must be now, twixt you and I:  
 To \* *Ioue* Ile bring you, then with goodwill go  
 To him, with me, and see you tell him so.

\* Men in for-  
 tunate estate  
 had rather go  
 with life to  
 the Date: then  
 by death to  
 God.

Alas

\* It is a double  
death to die  
when we haue  
attaine'd the  
highest happi-  
neste of life.

Alas (saide hee) I am but newly come  
To honors height, and wilt thou throw me down  
Ere I be warme, or settled in my Roome,  
And so my Brows scarce \*feele th'imperiall crowne  
O suffer me to liue, to tell the summe  
Of the Contentments, from my Grandure growne  
For, better had it bin still Low to lie  
Then, being at the Highest, straite to die.

\* Death yeel-  
deth double  
sorrow.

Either (quoth Death) come willingly with me  
Or thou shalt die a death thou most dost \*feare:  
Hee hearing this, from Death did seeke to flee,  
And cried on Fortune to assise him there,  
Peace villaine then (quoth Death) I coniure thee,  
Or lower speake, that Fortune may not heare:  
Yet Fortune (which he follow'd) was at hand,  
And laught for ioy to heare him Death withstand

\* Where the  
Carcafes are  
the Eagles re-  
sort. Mathi.  
28.

But by this Time, the Time prefixt by Ioue  
Expired was: and Fortune with her brought  
A world of people, following Her in loue,  
Who, willingly, for Fortune long had sought:  
These, as she moved, with hir still did moue,  
Because she rais'd them higher then she ought:  
In which respect she had more \*followers (Stars.  
Then Sol (that lights Heau'ns lamps), had waiting  
Lord!



41

Lord! how some (sweating) dropt in foll'wing hir,  
To who shee dropt that which bedropt the more;  
For, they were laden so, they scarce could stirre,  
Who vnder-went the same with labour \*forc:  
And other some, themselues did so bestirre,  
That they in each mans Boat would haue an Ore;  
But, seeking to gripe more then well they could,  
Were forc'd to \*lose that which they had in hold.

\* Gaine takes  
away the  
thought of  
paine.

\* All couet,  
all lose.

42

Among the rest, there was an Vsurer,  
(Whole Backe his Belly did, for debt, arrest)  
Who being fearefull of iust \*Iupiter,  
Made nice to goe with Fortune, and the rest;  
Sith well he knew, He was a Thunderer,  
In, and from whom, he had no interest:  
For he did neuer deale with such, perhaps,  
That gaue for intrest nought but Thunderclaps.

\* Left hee  
would plague  
him, for plag-  
ing others  
with racking.

43

The Souldier came, and gaue them much offence,  
That stood betweene his Breast, & Fortunes Back:  
So, Souldiers haue backe-fortune euer since,  
For they, for others good, go still to \*wracke;  
And for their wracks haue wrackful recompence;  
For, they are sackt, if they chance not to sacke:  
And if they doe, the Publique Purse must haue,  
That which must keepe them as a publique Slaue.

\* Wrackt for  
those that will  
rather racke  
then any waie  
relieve them.

H They,

44

They, with right Swords, do ballance kingdomes  
 (A glorious office they perform the while) (rights;  
 The woorths of \* Kings appeares by those their  
 Which proue thē to be valorous, or vile: (weights;  
 Yet they gaine nought but blows, in bloody fights,  
 So, \* store they get without, or fraude, or guile;  
 The while the gown-mā keeps vnscarr'd his skin,  
 And with his Pen (in peace) the world doth win.

\* The soldiers  
 sword cuts out  
 the Portion  
 of Kings

\* Of blowes.

45

O thou true *Ioue*, bow downe thine vpright Eare,  
 To heare thy lowest Seruants Orisons,  
 Which, in the loue which he to them doth beare,  
 He makes for them (that wracke still ouer-runnes)  
 Incline the hearts of Princes farre and neare,  
 As *Marses* Minions to loue *Marses* \* sonnes:  
 And, make this little Land yeeld great increase,  
 To stay their stomackes great, in warre and peace.

46

A Soldiers sword, from sheath, here Fortune took,  
 To knight all those that her had followd well,  
 Now eu'ry man did for a Knighthood looke,  
 That scarce had found an house wherein to dwell:  
 Yet some did much their betters ouer-looke,  
 And thrust in for it, while their looks did swell:  
 So, Fortune seeing them to looke so big,  
 Posselt them \* knights, without or Turffe or Twig

\* Audaces  
 fortuna iuvat.

*Son*

47

*Seis Cheualier*, Arise sir Knight, (quoth she)  
Then vp he springs, for feare lest Fortune would  
Recall hir word for his debilitie;  
Now Knight he is, for nought but being bold;  
For Fortune fauours Squires of lowe \*degree,  
If they be more audacious then they should:  
Now Honor hath He, get Grace where He can,  
Yet Fortune gaue him grace to keepe a man.

\* A Squire of  
low Degree is  
a Squire of  
no degree.

48

Some layd on all which they, by Fortune, got  
Vpon their backs, that brauely sought to beare  
The Sword vpon their shoulders, yet could not;  
For, it fell in the sheathe ere it fell there:  
Fell lucke it was that so they were forgot;  
Yet they \*forgot themselues, as did appeare;  
But when they saw they mist of what they sought,  
Thei bar'd their backs, to line their guts, for noght.

\*Not remem-  
bring who, or  
what they  
were.

49

Which *Iupiter* himselfe did laugh to see;  
For, these so much were mou'd with this disgrace,  
That they were at the point to Death to flee,  
And Fortune leaue, for such their fortune bace:  
Yet followed her (most malecontentedly)  
Because they followed her vnto that place:  
To cast away long seruice on a spleene,  
Is not to foresee, but to be oreseene.

H 2

O,

50

\* A venial sin  
at most as  
these times  
steeme it.

O! twas a world to see what shift was made  
To hold vp Greatnes with a little stay ;  
T'were sinne to say some vs'd the Cheaters trade,  
To borrow with a purpose \* ne'r to pay ;  
And get all, howsoe'r, that might be had,  
No, no, they did not so, I dare well say :  
But this I say, perhaps, they liu'd by wit,  
And so to liue, some great Ones thinke it fit.

51

\* A Hanger-  
blade in a  
green calbbard

Now, in these knightly times ye might haue seene  
(If you, for pleasure, had but tane the paine)  
Each one ye met withall, a Knight in greene;  
And so the world, b'ing old, grew greene againe;  
As if the same but in the Blade had beene ;  
For, each one did his \* Hanger on, sustaine :  
Now, Time stood still, to sport himselfe in Maie,  
For, all was Greene, and at that state did stay.

52

\* Changed  
their Counte-  
nance with ar-  
tificiall com-  
plexions.

Some shuffled for some Office : some to gaine  
Some Monopole, which then could not be got :  
For, Fortune did those Monopoles restraine,  
Because she thought t'was to hir Rule a Blot  
To pleasure One by all her Subiects paine,  
Thogh oft they made the seem, as they were \* not :  
Some cried for warre, and othersome for peace,  
But Fortune, thogh they cried, still held hir peace.  
Now,



53

Now, some, for Coine their Offices did sell,  
As if they had bin cloid with Fortunes grace;  
And those that bought them, others did compell  
To \*pay for them, when they were in their Place: \*That which  
And some, in seeking somewhat, did rebell; is deere  
But Fortune broght them soone to wretched case: bought, must  
Some strong, sent long men to *Ierusalem*, be deere  
Out of the way, to make a way for them. sold.

54

Now, for Truths Matters, there was much adoe;  
Some this, some that, som none of both wold haue:  
And yet all three did (restlesse) Fortune woe,  
To yeeld to neither, that did either craue  
In worlds behalfe, or fleshes fixt thereto;  
But all, in \*shew, did seeke but Trueth to saue: \*All is not  
For, all seem'd to sollicite *Sions* cause, golde that  
Which they would haue confirmed by the Lawes. glitters.

55

Some sed they lied that only Truth did teach;  
Some enuied them that liu'd by teaching so:  
And at their liues, and liuings sought to reach,  
\*Which they forgaue, but would not so forgo: \*The iniuri-  
Somes Tongues defended Truth, which they did ous offer.  
Whose actiōs gaue hir many a bitter \*blo: (preach, \*They had  
Some liu'd, as dying, while they sought to liue; Jacobs voice  
And some died liuing; yet did most relue. and Faus  
hands.

H 3

Some

56

\* Truth.

Some, Liers called Carnall-libertie  
 The glorious Libertie of Truths deere Sonnes;  
 And \*her they vrg'd to prooue that veritie;  
 But, Truth's betraid by such vntrustie Ones,  
 That Sacrilege doe gild with Sanctitie;  
 Yet, for that, looke for high promotions:  
 O tis a world of mischiefe when Pretence  
 Doth shrowd a world of Inconuenience!

57

\* For their rati-  
 fic.

When Truths sonnes play the Polititians,  
 Heau'n help thee Truth, in Earth thy case is hard:  
 Truth's hardly matcht with Machiauelians,  
 That her wil woud so they themselues may ward:  
 For, pious Polititians are blacke \* Swans;  
 And, blest are Realmes that they do (ruling) gard:  
 But whereas Statesmen meere Earth meditate,  
 There Heau'nly matters squar'd are by the State.

58

\* Such dependen-  
 dencie is as full  
 of difficulty as  
 vncertainie:  
 Enuyings a-  
 mong the ser-  
 uants cause of  
 the first, muta-  
 bilitie of those  
 great mens  
 mindes occa-  
 sioneth the  
 fall.

Some others followed her, by following others;  
 Vpon great men these greatly did \*depend,  
 All those, for likenes, might haue bin my brothers,  
 Who then began to liue, when life did end:  
 Or if before, they were blest in their mothers;  
 For, those they tended that themselues did tend:  
 It is absurd that Lords should tend their men,  
 Yet some Lords (Gods fooles) do it now and then.

Some

59

Some of these Seruants were so fortunate, (backe:  
That they came forwards, while their Lords went  
For, Loue beginning with our selues, we hate  
Our selues; if we by Service goe to wracke:  
Their Lords they loued for their owne estate;  
And lou'd to haue that which their lords did lack:  
O they are carefull Seruants that will keepe  
Their lords estate, while they, with Pleasure sleep.

\* In their own  
not in their  
Lords right:  
for many get  
mony in their  
Lords seruice,  
to buy their  
Lords lands  
to do them  
seruice,

60

And some of this sort thriu'd, not by their Lords;  
Yet by their Lords; for, by their leaue, they sell  
Their fauours, nay their honors, deeds, and words,  
And care not who do ill, so they do well:  
Whose Clarke'ship so much Art to them affords,  
That for an Inch, allow'd, they tooke an \* Ell:  
Someere Cliffs made they of their Lords to clime  
To some high note, by keeping Tune, and Time.

\* London  
measure.

61

These Climers in each Clime are high'st of all  
In their \* conceit; for, they conceive they can  
The round world bandy like a Racket-Ball;  
And make a meere foole of the wisest Man:  
They ween the world without them were so small,  
As Ladies well might weld it with their Fan:  
O there's no measure in the pride of such.  
That from too little, rise to reach to too much!

\* Who are  
wife in their  
owne eyes,  
there is more  
hope of a fool  
then of such.  
Erou. 26. 133

H 4

Some

\* Meere Scho-  
lers.

\* Men lerned,  
wihout iuge-  
ment, whome  
the Prouerbe,  
The greatest  
Clarkes are  
not the wisest  
men, concern-  
eth,

Some others thoght they Fortune gracious found,  
*Genus* and \**Species* throwing in their way;  
Which they tooke vp, and them together bound,  
To stay with them to be to them a stay:  
But in the binding did them so confound,  
That they proou'd fooles in \**specie* to betray  
*Genus* and *Species* to such bitter Bands,  
For which they lost both honor, goods, and lands.

\* *Genus* and  
*Species*.

\* Mistake that  
little learning  
they catch.

Lord, how some cloisterd vp theselues like Friers,  
To find out \**These*, whom thus they did betray;  
And lay in ambush for them many yeares,  
Watching, by Candle-light, oft night and day;  
Spending much money of their friends, or theirs,  
And all (God wor) but to abuse their \*pray:  
O *Genus*, *Genus*, *Species*, *Species*, yee  
Be most accurst, that thus still coursed be;

\* Mathemati-  
tians.

\* The Mathe-  
matiques are  
most pleasing  
and alluring  
knowledge  
i: rewarded,  
yet, they steale  
the studie  
thereof from  
themselues.  
\* or little.

Some \*others lookt for *Euclids* Elements,  
Wherof, they thought, the whole world did consist,  
Which found, they found therein such sweet cōtes,  
That *Euclid* carried them which way he' list;  
They lookt for nothing lesse then Regiments,  
But held themselues in *Euclide* onely blist:  
Who blest them so, that if for lands they sought,  
They got no land, but measur'd land for \*nought.

Others



65

Others there were, that sought to find a \* Spell,  
And needs would rise to Fortune by a Fiend;  
Whom they would raise, for that intent from hell;  
These tēded fiends too much, \* good Fate to tend:  
Who whiles they sought the gods theselues t'excel,  
They died, like damned Beggars, in the end:  
So, they that needs would rise through diuels aide,  
Downe to the diuell were, at last, conuaid.

\* Magicians.

\* Coniurers  
and Witches  
are alwayes  
Beggars.

66

Some others lookt for Spirits, not Sprites of hell,  
But spirits of \* sack, and liquors of that kinde;  
Wherwith they thought (if once they could excell)  
They could the bands of Fortune loose or binde:  
This made them (like poore Crickets) stil to dwel,  
In, or about the fire till they were blinde:  
And then, like Bats, that still doe loathe the light,  
They keep the darke conuersing with that \* sprite.

\* Distillators  
& Exaracters  
of Quintessences.

\* Of liquors.

67

Others there were that sought to finde the way  
T'annatomize the Corps of Reasoning,  
With Logickall Conclusions; these would play  
As Iugglers play with Boxes, or a Ring;  
Make men beleue what ere they please to \* say;  
And to a *Non-plus* Reason herselfe to bring:  
On these, indeed, too oft would Fortune smile,  
To see how they the fond world did beguile.

\* Subtil So-  
phisters.

Some

Orators;

\* Fortune  
doth wel most  
commonly by  
men that do  
speake well

Some wordy-men, by words, sought worthinesse,  
These raught at Rethorikes Rules to rule thereby  
And they that found the same, found little lesse  
Then greatest \* Rule, for they rul'd wordily:  
These mē, for need, could make some mē confesse,  
They Treachers were, and yet themselues belie:  
These still were Fortunes Minions; for they could  
With wind of words orethrow wits strōgest hold.

Astronomers,  
Prognostica-  
tors.

Others there were that still gaz'd on the Starres,  
As if by Starres, they should the Sunne transcend:  
These told of future weathers, woes, and warres,  
Of the beginnings of them, and their end:  
Of Prophets that should rise (to kindle Iarres)  
And of I wot not what, which they defend:  
But while they blabb'd out Fortunes Secrets, she  
Made them but poore, and liars held to be.

Musicians.

Some sought for Notes, so to be notable,  
Not Notes to rule themselues, but Notes in Rule;  
To rule the voice by those Notes tunable,  
Yet many did themselues the while mis-rule:  
Who while their Heads held points cōmendable,  
In many points they err'd from Reasons Rule:  
So, this gift Fortune gaue their Heads: they should  
Still hold more Crochers, then their Purfes Gold.  
Some

71

Some others sought for Tongues as if they would Linguists.  
 Haue stopt their flight, as they from *Babel* fled,  
 By catching them in nettes; so them to hold,  
 For themselves onely, till themselves were dead:  
 These rich in Tongues, were not still so in gold;  
 For, their Tongues tasted oft too much of \* *Lead*:  
 So, these wel-tong'd men tied were by the Tongs,  
 Oft to be authors of their proper wrongs.

\* Many golden Linguists have leaden inuention.

72

As some sought Tongs, so others \* *Hands* did seek;  
 Italian, Romane, Spanish, French, and Duch,  
 With Letter Freeze among, and Letter Creeke;  
 Those with their hãds, did Fortune seldom touch;  
 For, they wold needs teach those hands in a week,  
 So, sold for little, that they sold for much:  
 For it is much to giue a Crowne for nought)  
 But onely to marre hands, too euill taught.

\* Penne-men, or faire writers.

It is a badde bargaine to giue aught for nought.

73

These pasted vp, in ech place where they came,  
 (And no place was ther where they did not come)  
 Bills (& those Hands they held were oft but lame)  
 That they would giue their Hands, for some small  
 To those that wold but trust thẽ for the same (sum;  
 So, in a weeke, they coson'd all and \* *some*:  
 For, in a weeke, and some odde houres beside,  
 They promis'd that which they could not abide.

\* They shame the occupati-on vterly.

Their

\* For their  
recompence.

Their occupation brought thus to disgrace,  
They, though they would with all \*aforehand be,  
Yet ran behind hand still, from place to place:  
So, with their Hands they caught but A, B, C:  
Which by interpretation of the place,  
Is, \*all \*base \*Cheaters are, that so doe flee:  
I wish those Hand-men their hands well had vs'd,  
For, I know Pen-men that are so abus'd.

\* Fencers.

\* In strait  
prison.

But some of Fortunes followers were her foes,  
And Deaths true \*friends (who for him swords vn-  
But shewd it not, lest she shuld the dispose (sheath)  
Wher, if thei wold, thei could not meet with \*death:  
These followed her for nothing but for blowes,  
For they, with fencing, kept themselues in breath:  
And, for they could but breath by that their trade,  
They still were willing Fortune to inuade.

\* Stageplai-  
ers.

\* Shewing the  
vices of the  
time:

\* W. S. R., B.

Some followed her by \*acting all mens parts,  
These on a Stage she rais'd (in scorne) to fall:  
And made them Mirrors, by their acting Arts,  
Wherin men saw their \*faults, thogh ne'r so small:  
Yet some she guerdond not, to their \*desarts;  
But, other some, were but ill-Action all:  
Who while they acted ill, ill staid behinde,  
(By custome of their maners) in their minde.



78

If maners make mens fortunes good, or bad,  
According to those maners, bad, or good,  
Then men, ill-manner'd, still are ill bestad;  
Because, by Fortune, they are still withstood:  
Ah, were it so, I muse how those men had  
Among them some that swamme in *Foizons* flood;  
Whose maners were but apish at the best;  
But Fortune made their fortunes but a leſt.

*Sui cuique  
mores ſingunt  
fortunam.*

79

There were knights-arrant, that in Fortunes ſpite,  
(Because they could not king it as they would)  
Did play the Kings, at leaſt proud kings in fight,  
And oft were powder then a *Ceſar* ſhould:  
Yet Nature made them men by Fortunes \*might,  
And Fortune made them Natures *Zanees* bold:  
So thoſe, in nature, Fortune flowted ſo, (low.  
That though ſhe made them Kings, ſhe kept them

\* When men  
have gotten  
wealth they  
are ſaid to be  
made.

80

But ſome there were (too many ſuch, there are)  
That follow'd Fortune in more abieſt kinde;  
Theſe matches made between the Hou'd & Hare, *Panders.*  
I would ſay whoore; for, men hunt ſuch to finde:  
Theſe faithleſſe beaſtly Brokers of crackt ware  
Had too too often Fortune in the winde;  
Who followed ſo the ſent, that oft they did  
Find her where ſhe, frō thoſe they ſpoil'd, lay hid.  
Some

\* They live  
like fleth flies  
vpon the ſores  
of men.

Land-badgers  
Drouers.

Some others followed her by badging Land,  
Or beastly grazing (yet made men thereby)  
For, they that did those myst'ries vnderstand  
Caught hold of Fortune in obscuritie;  
To whom she (strumpet-like) lay at command,  
Who, lusting for her, gript her greedily:  
Till they grew great by her: O monstrous birth,  
Where Shee the He makes great with Grasse and  
(Earth!

Lawyers.

Gold sets an  
edge on an O-  
rators tongue,  
and makes it  
cut like a ra-  
zor.

The Lawyers went with these, with hands as full  
Of Deedes, and Manuscripts as they could hold;  
But, Fortune from the same those Scripts did pull,  
And in exchange fill'd either fist with Gold:  
For, whiles they had but Papers their were dull;  
But being wel-ment'd they were blithe and bold:  
For, Gold's a soueraigne Restorative, (line.  
And makes men more then dead, much more then

\* Gold is the  
God of this  
world that  
ruines and  
wundes the  
same as it list-  
eth.

*Aurum potabile* is of that powre  
(If store thereof be powrde in out of hand  
Like *Iupiters* preuailing \* Golden Showre)  
That it will make Death lie at Lifes command:  
It is the *Aqua-vita* which doth cure  
All fore Consumptions that our weale withstand:  
Nay tis the *Aqua fortis* which will eate  
Throgh leaden Brests, Cares, fretting, thece to fret.

84

O giue me Gold, and I will doe, what not?  
And let but store of Angells waite on me,  
Ile make my selfe a God, with \* Thundet-shot;  
Nay, I will make the Earthly Gods to flee  
To Hean'n, or Hell, where they shall be forgot,  
With there no God but I will minded be:  
But God, thou knowst, the Age is yron the while  
That hammer can a God of thing so vile !

\* Hire Merce.  
nary Swizers  
and Souldiers  
to maintaine  
all vnust qua-  
rels euen with  
Monarches.

85

O! gold, the god which now the world doth serue,  
This *Midas*-world that would touch nought but  
Gilding hir body while hir soul doth sterue)(gold  
How glorious art thou(held fast) to \*be hold?  
Thou mak'st a Beast a Man, and Man to swerue  
More then a Beast, yet thou dost all vphold:  
For, whom thou tak'st into thy Patronage,  
It matters not what is his Title-Page.

\* So saith the  
rich miser.  
Riches gather  
many friends,  
but the poore  
is separte fro  
his neighbor.  
Prou. 19. 4.

86

Men value men according to thy weight;  
For, be their value ne'r so valorous  
Its held but base and made, by nature, sleight;  
Nor can it be nor good, nor glorious,  
Without thy vertue doe it ouer-freight;  
And so remaine they without Grace, or Vse:  
But, if thou list to lade a leaden Ass,  
(While thou rid'st on him) he ore gods doth passe.  
Come

The world in  
his vnust Bal-  
lance weighs  
men accord-  
ing to their  
Wealth & not  
by any other  
worthinesse.

\* No wisemā  
comparable  
to the golden  
Assē.

Come Gold:thē come(deere Gold)& ride on mee  
Ile be thine\* Assē,or Pack-horse,which thou wilt  
Although thou heauy art, Ile carry thee;  
Albe't thou art much heauier through thy guilt:  
Lademe (good Gold) till my backe broken bee:  
Sith,thou againe canst makeme, being spilt:  
For all men now may vse me like a Sot,  
(That beares abuse) because I beare thee not.

But it is meere  
madnesse not  
to beare with  
insensible cre-  
atures:& blef-  
sed are those  
that in this in-  
iurious world,  
possesse their  
Soules in pa-  
tience.

Then foote it not whiles Copper rides on mee,  
Base Copper dogs, be'ng made theselues to beare  
But logs and faggots (for a staruing fee)  
And in a Chimneis end away to weare:  
Then vp (faire Gold) Ile so mount vnder thee,  
As if no ground should hold me, when I reare:  
For,by how much the more thou mak'st me bend,  
So much the more thou mak'st me to ascend.

Better is a lide  
with the feare  
of God,then  
great treasure,  
and trouble  
therewith.  
I Ro. 15 16.

Ride on me Gold, and I will ride on those  
(If so I lust) of men,or women-kinde,  
That shall be great,or faire,or friends,or foes,  
Vntill I ridden haue them out of winde:  
But Heau'n my Heart still otherwise dispose,  
For,riding so,I blister should my minde:  
Which still would runne with matter of annoy,  
And Soule,and Body so,perhaps,destroy.

Then,



90

Then, gold, fith thou woldst \*tept me to this spoile

Farwell (deere Gold) Ile not buy thee so deere;

I am content, without thy help, to toile

For so much Siluer as will arme me heere (coile,

\*Gainst wounding Wants, which there do keepe a

Where nothing is but care, and griefe, and feare;

My Backe and Belly kept, in rest Ile sleep, (keepe.

(Throgh coniuring Bookes) from gold, that diuels

\* The touch-  
stone trieth  
gold and gold  
trieth men  
Better is a dry  
morrell with  
peace then an  
house full of  
sacrifices with  
strife. Prou.  
17.1.

91

The Fox will eate no Grapes: well, be it so;

Ile eate no Grapes that set my teeth on edge,

To eate such bittes as bane where oft they go,

And Heart and Minde do all alike besiege:

Who gathers golden fruits in Hell that gro,

Do for the same oft put their Soules to pledge:

But in that state that stands with little cost,

Is found the golden life that *Adam* lost.

That that is to  
be desired of a  
man, is his  
goodnesse, Pr.  
19. 22. which  
seldom is found  
among much  
goodes.

92

Touching this World (to my blame be it fed)

I thinke of nothing, but what nothing brings;

And yet no thing more musing then my head;

And yet my Muse my head with nothing mings:

\*Both feed on \*Aire, wherewith is nothing fed

But dead, or dull, or else meere witlesse things:

For sure that wit ne'r came neere wisdoms schools

That weenes meere Aire fatts any thing but fooles.

I

I would

\* Head, and  
Muse.  
\* Praise.

\* As farre fro  
wan: as from  
too much.

I would, and would not, haue, what I haue not:  
I would not haue, that had, the Hart inflates:  
Yet would I haue my Lucke light on that Lot  
That \* mends the drouping Mind, & Bodies states:  
In too much, Nature oft is ouershot;  
And oft too little, Art disanimates:  
Then, in this life, that seeke I, for my part,  
That Nature keeps in life, and quickens Art.

\* Mindes al-  
waies conuer-  
sant with these  
metalls are  
chill, & make  
the bodies  
dead to all  
goodnesse  
wherein they  
\* c  
\* Diuinity.

To bury Liuing thoughts among the dead,  
(Dead earthly things) is, ere Death comes, to die:  
For, dead they are that lie in \* Gold, or Lead;  
As they are buried that in Earth still lie:  
The thoughts are most relieu'd when they are fed  
With Angells \* foode, or sweete Philosophie:  
But, some seeme on this Manna still to liue,  
Whom Quails and Woodcocks most of al relieue.

\* Die eternal-  
ly in both

Well, let these some out-liue as many yeares,  
As they haue haire, they do but liuing die:  
If so; their Soules must needs be full of feares,  
Whose Hopes in this dead life alone do lie:  
For, they weare euer double as Time weares;  
In Soule and Body weare they double- \* die:  
O then, how painefull is that pleasant life,  
Wherein all ioy, with such annoy, is rife.

96

Beare with me Readers (thats the recompence  
I aske for telling you this merry Tale)  
For running out of my Circumference,  
He come in strait, before a merry Gale:  
But, yet a word or two, ere I goe hence,  
And then haue with you ouer Hill and Dale:  
Nothing shall let me to relate the rest,  
For, commonly behind remains the best.

97

This world (me seemes) is like, I wot not what:  
Thats hard; for, that is no comparison:  
Why thats the cause I it compare to that;  
For, who's he like to, that is like to none?  
Tis not like God; for, tis too full of hate:  
Nor like the Diu'l, for he feares God alone:  
It is not like to Heau'n, Earth, nor Hell,  
Nor aught therein, for, they in compasse dwell!

The world is  
like nothing:  
fish by finne it  
was marred  
after it was  
made: & sin  
is nothing, be-  
cause, he word  
that made all  
things made  
it not.

98

Then what is't like? if like to any thing,  
Its like it selfe; and so it is indeede:  
Or, if you will, like to the oldest Ling,  
That limes their fingers that on it doe feede:  
So that, all things they touch, to them do \*cling,  
And let them so, from doing purest deede:  
If so it be, how mad are men the while  
To cleaue to that which do them so defile?

Simile.

Proverb.  
\* Euery finger  
as good as a  
lime-twigge.

I 2

Now,

\* Harmlesse  
recreation.

Now, this most noghtie thing, or thing of noght,  
I cannot skill of; though but bad I am;  
Therefore by me it least of all is sought,  
Though oft I seeke for pleasure in the same;  
Which yet (I hope) shall not be ouer-bought,  
For, I will giue but good-will for my \*game:  
And if good-will will me no pleasure bring  
Ile buy therewith (I hope) a better thing.

\* It makes the  
number ap-  
peare as it is.

Now from my selfe, I eft to Fortune flie,  
(And yet I flie from Her, and She from me)  
Who came thus followd with this Company,  
That *Iupiter* did enuie it to see:  
There did she muster them, in policie,  
That *Joue* of all might well informed be:  
For, when an heape confus'd are call'd by Poll,  
The many parts do make the number \* whole.

Philosophers  
and Poets  
furthest off  
Fortune.

Mongst whom Philosophers and Poets came,  
(Last of the Crowde) and could not well appeare;  
To whō blind Fortune gaue noght else but fame,  
Wherof they fed; but lookt lean with their cheere:  
So, they in Heau'n deifi'd this Dame,  
Sith they (poore souls) could not come at her here:  
And euer since a Goddesse call'd she is,  
Poets thanke her for That, Shee you for This.  
Who,



102

Who, though they be (perhaps) but passing poore,  
Yet can they deifie whom ere they will;  
Then Demy-gods should cherish them therefore,  
That they may make thē whol\* gods by their skil: \* They affect  
Twixt whom there shuld be interchange of store, misery much  
And make of Wit and Wealth a mixture still, more then  
That may each others woefull wants supply; Diuinitie.  
For, men by one another liue, or die.

103

Vaine fooles, what do ye meane to giue hir heau'n,  
That giues you nothing but an earthly hell?  
Thats only \*aire, which she to you hath giu'n, \* Flesh-pine-  
To make ye pine, whilst ye on earth do dwell: ing Praie  
Ne'r speake of Wit, for ye are Wit-bereau'n \* Men, like the  
To lie for nought, and make \* Nought so excell: deuill great  
For, now, who for him\* self's not wise alone, and nought.  
Is vainely wise, though wise as *Salomon*. \* If thou be  
wise, thou  
shalt be wise  
for thy selfe.  
Prou. 9. 12.

104

By this time Death came with his Emperor,  
Who followed Death, far off, which *Ioue* did see;  
To whom Death said, Loe, vpright *Iupiter*,  
This Kesar (though a *Cesar*) followes mee:  
He doth indeed (said *Ioue*) though somewhat farre  
(But kept in off, to shew indiffrencie)  
For, though the Iudge do iudge aright (sometime)  
Before both Tales be heard) it is a crime.

I 3

How

\*The more we  
loue the world  
the more wee  
feare death.

How saist (quoth he) Lieutenant, didst thou come  
With Death to vs of thy meere owne accord?  
Whereat the Emprour was stroken dumbe,  
For, he fear'd \*death, as slaues do feare their Lord:  
Yet, with desire of glorie ouercome,  
At last he spake, yet spake he but a word,  
Which was, saue I the shortest word of words,  
For, No a letter more then I affords.

\*Feare is a  
stranger to  
great hearts.

Which he with submisse voice (scarfe audible)  
Vttered, as one that would not well be heard;  
But *Iupiter* (although most sensible)  
Tooke on him not to heare, and prest him hard  
To speake (through feare) not so insensible;  
For, my vice \* *Ioues* (quoth he) are ne'r afeard:  
Therefore, on thy allegiance vnto mee,  
I charge thee speake, as thou from death wert free.

\* No courage  
in the despe-  
rate Cowards.

Then, with a princely death-out-daring \* looke  
He said, Dread *Ioue*, I had bin worse then mad,  
Sith your Lieutenancie to me you tooke,  
If I so great a grace neglected had;  
Which so I had, if so I had forsooke  
Without your notice, that which made me glad:  
Nor would I haue with Death come now to you,  
But that he threatned me to bring me low.

Where.

108

Wherewith the Iudge (iust Ioue) did sentence giue  
On Fortunes side; which made Death rage so fore,  
That at the Emprour he amaine did driue,  
Whilst Ioue lookt on, and Fortune fled therefore:  
Short tale to make, he did him life depriue,  
And euer since Death rageth more and more:  
That now all men false Fortune doe preferre,  
Before iust Death; nay iuster *Iupiter*.

*Iupiters Sentence.*

109

And, thus with Death (that All in fine doth end)  
We end our Tale, and, if a lie it be,  
Yet naked Truth dares such a lie \* defend;  
Because such lies doe lie in veritie:  
But though loude lies do lie, they will not bend  
So lowe as most profound Moralitye:  
Then, be it lie, or be it what it will,  
It lies too high, and lowe for Death to kill.

\* Scripture  
Parables containe truth in  
their morali-  
tie, though not  
in the Letter.

*Bene cogitata, si excidunt, non occidunt.  
Mimi Publiani.*

*Finis.*

14

The

# The Triumph of D E A T H:

O R,

## *The Picture of the Plague:*

According to the Life, as it was  
in *Anno Domini.*

1603.

SO, so, iust Heau'ns, so, and none otherwise,  
Deale you with those that your forbearaunce  
Dumb Sin (not to be nam'd) against vs cries (wroꝝ  
Yea, cries against vs with a tempting tong.  
And, it is heard; for, Patience oft prouokt  
Conuerts to Furies all-consuming flame;  
And, fowlest sinne (thogh ne'r so cleanly cloakt)  
Breaks out to publike plagues, and open shame!  
Ne'r did the Heau'ns bright Eie such sins behold  
As our long Peace and Plenty haue begot;  
Nor ere did Earths declining proppes vphold  
An heauier plague, then this outrageous Rot!  
Witnesse our Citties, Townes, and Villages,  
Which \* Desolation, day and night, inuades  
With Coffins (Cannon-like) on Carriages,  
With trenches ram'd with Carkases, with Spades!  
A shiu'ring cold (I sensibly do feele) (hand,  
Glides through my veines, and shakes my hart and  
When they doe proue their vertue, to reueale  
This plague of plagues, that ouerlades this Land!  
Horror

\* Therefore  
hath the curse  
deuoured the  
Land, and the  
inhabitanes  
therof are de-  
solate, Isai.  
34 6.



## The Triumph of Death.

221

H: Horror stands gaping to deuoure my Sense  
When it but offers but to \*mention it;  
And Will abandon'd by Intelligence  
Is drown'd in Doubt, without her Pilot Wit!  
But, thou, O thou great giuer of all grace,  
Inspire my Wit, so to direct my Will,  
That notwithstanding eithers wretched case, (skill,  
They may paint out thy Plagues with grace, with  
That so these Lines may reach to future \*times,  
To strike a terror through the heart of Flesh;  
And keep It vnder that by Nature climbs,  
For, Plagues do Sin supple when they are fresh.  
And fresh they be, when they are so exprest,  
As though they were in being seene of Sense;  
Which diuine Poësie performeth best,  
For, all our speaking Pictures come from thence!  
The obiect of \* mine outward Sense affords  
But too much Matter for my Muse to forme;  
Her want (though she had words at will) is words,  
T'expresse this Plagues vntterable \* Storme!  
Fancie, thou needst not forge false Images,  
To furnish Wit t'expresse a truth so true;  
Pictures of Death stoppe vp all Passages,  
That Sēse must needs those obuious obiects view.  
If Wit had powre t'expresse what Sense doth see,  
It would astonish Sense that \*heares the same;  
For, neuer came there like Mortalitie,  
Since Death from *Adam* to his Children came!  
Scarfe three times had the Moone replenished  
Her empty Horns with light, but th'empty Graue  
(Most

\* Who among  
you shall har-  
ken to this,  
and take heed  
and heare for  
afterwards.  
Isai. 42. 23.

\* Now goe &  
write it before  
them in a Ta-  
ble, and note  
it in a booke,  
that it may be  
for the last  
day for ever  
and euer Isai.  
30. 8.

\* I am the  
man that hath  
seene afflictio  
in the rod of  
his indignatio.  
Lament 3. 1.

\* Heare, yee  
deafe, and yee  
blinde, regard  
that ye may  
see. Isa. 42. 18

## The Triumph of Death.

Thou hast for-  
sake mee, saith  
the Lord, and  
gone backe-  
ward: therefore  
will I stretch  
out mine hand  
against thee,  
and destroy  
thee: for I am  
weary with  
repenting.  
Jerem. 15. 6.  
\* Feare, & the  
pit, & the snare  
are vpon thee,  
O inhabitant  
of the earth,  
Isai. 24. 17.  
\* Phisitions,

\* Vniuersities.

(Most rauinous) deuoured so the Dead,  
As scarce the dead might Christian buriall haue!  
Th'Almighties hand that long had, to his paine,  
Offer'd to let his Plagues fall, by degrees,  
And with the offer pull'd it backe againe,  
Now breakes his Viall, and a Plague out-flees,  
That glutts the Aire with Vapors venemous,  
That puttrifie, infect, and flesh confound,  
And makes the Earthes breath most contagious,  
That in the Earth and Aire but Death is found!  
A deadlie Murraine, with resistlesse force,  
Runnes through the Land and leuells All with it!  
The Coast it scoured, in vncleanlie Course,  
And thousands fled before it to the \* Pitte!  
For, ere the breath of this Conragion,  
Could fully touch the flesh of Man, or Beast,  
They on the sodaine sinke, and strait are gone,  
So, instantlie, by thousands, are decreast!  
No Phisicke could be found, to be a meane,  
But to all'aie their Paine, delaie their Death;  
In this Phisitions Haruest, \* They could gleane  
But corrupt Aire and Danger by that Breath.  
All Artes and Sciences were at a stand,  
And All that liu'd by them, by them did die,  
For death did hold their heads, & staid their hād,  
Sith they no where could vse their Facultie.  
The nursing \* Mothers of the Sciences  
Withdrew their Foster-milke while witt did fast,  
For, both our forlorne Vniuersities  
Forfaken were and Colledges made fast!

The

## The Triumph of Death.

223

The Magistrates did flie, or if they staid,  
They staid to pray, for if they did command,  
Hardly, or neuer should they be obaid;  
For, Death dares all Authority withstand.  
And, wheres no Magistrate, no Order is;  
Where Order wants, by order doth ensue  
Confusion strait, and in the necke of this  
Must silent Desolation all subdue!  
For feare wherof, both king, & kingdome shakes,  
Sith Desolation threatens them so fore,  
All hope of earthly helpe the Land forsakes,  
And Heau'n powres \*plags vpon it more & more!  
Now, Death refreshed with a little rest  
(As if inspired with the Spirit of Life)  
With furie flies (like Aire) through man and beast,  
And makes effusions the murraine much more rise!  
London now \*smokes with vapors that arise  
From his soule Sweat, himselfe he so bestirres;  
Cast out your Dead, the Carcasse-carrier cries,  
Which he, by heaps, in groundlesse graues interres!  
Now scowres he Streets, on either side, as cleane  
As smoking showrs of raine the Streets do scowre;  
Now, in his Murdring, he obserues no meane,  
But ragge and ragge he strikes, and striketh sure.  
He laies it on the skinnes of Yong and Old,  
The mortall markes whereof therein appeare:  
Here, swells a Botch, as hie as hide can hold,  
And, Spots (his surer Signes) do muster there!  
The South wind blowing from his swelling cheeks,  
Soultry hot Gales, did make Death rage the more,  
That

\* Then said I,  
Lord, howe  
long? and he  
answered, vn-  
till the Cities  
bee wasted  
without inha-  
bitant, and the  
houses with-  
out man, and  
the Land be  
utterly deso-  
late Iai. 6. 1. 8  
\* And the Ci-  
ties that are  
inhabited shal  
be left void,  
the land shall  
be desolate, &  
ye shall know  
that I am the  
Lord Ezech.  
12. 30.

# The Triumph of Death.

\* Zephon. 2. 2

\* Even the  
mouse shal be  
consumed to-  
gether, saith  
the Lord,  
Isa. 66. 17.

\* Faine Pige-  
ons, Cocker,  
Hennes, Ca-  
pons, &c.

\* Arise and de-  
part, for this is  
not your rest,  
because it is  
polluted, it  
shall destroy  
you even with  
a sore destru-  
ction. Michah  
3. 10.

That on all Flesh to wreake his Wrath he seekes,  
Which flies, like \* chaffe in wind, his breath before  
He raiseth Mountaines of dead carcases,  
As if on them he would to Heau'n ascend,  
T'assuage his rage on diuine Essences,  
When he of Men, on Earth, had made an end.  
Nothing but Death alone, could *Death* suffice,  
Who made each \* Mouse to carry in her Coate  
His heauy vengeance to whole Families,  
Whilst with blunt Botches he cuts others throate!  
And, if such Vermine were thus all imploide,  
He would constraîne domestike \* foules to bring  
Destruction to their haunts; So, men destroid  
As swiftly as they could bestirre their wing!  
So, Death might well be said to flie the field,  
And in the House foile with resistlesse force,  
When he abroad all kinde of Creatures kill'd  
That he found liuing in his lifelesse Course!  
Now like to Bees, in Summers heate, from Hiuies,  
Out \* flie the Citizens, some here, some there,  
Some all alone, and others with their wiues:  
With wiues and children some flie, All for feare!  
Here stands a Watch with guard of Partezans  
To stoppe their Passages, or too, or fro;  
As if they were nor Men, nor Christians,  
But Fiends, or Monsters, murthering as they go!  
Like as an Hart, death-wounded, held at Bay  
Doth flie, if so he can, from Hunters chase,  
That so he may recouer (if he may)  
Or else to die in some more easie place.



# The Triumph of Death.

225

o, mightye fee (deere Heart) some lustie Lad  
rooke with the Plague, to hie him to the field,  
Where in some Brake, or \*Ditch (of either glad)  
With plesure, in great paine, the ghost doth yield :  
Each Village, free, now stands vpon her guard ;  
None must haue harbour in them but their owne :  
And as for life and death all watch, and ward,  
And flie for life (as Death) the man vnknowne !  
For, now men are become so monsterous  
And mighty in their powre, that with their breath  
They leaue no ils, saue goods, from house to house,  
But blow away each other from the Earth !  
The sickeft Sucklings \* breath was of that force  
That it the strongest Giant ouerthrew ;  
And made his healthie corpe a carrion Corse,  
If it (perhaps) but came within his view !  
Alarme, alarme, cries Death, downe, downe with  
haue, and giue Commission All to kill : (All ;  
Let not one stand to pisse against a wall,  
Which they are all so good, in works so ill.  
Vnioynt the body of their Common-weale,  
Hew it in peeces, bring it all to nought ;  
With Rigors boistrous hand all Bands canceale,  
Wherin the heau'ns stād bound to Earth in aught.  
Wound me the scalpe of humane Policie,  
Which it would stand without the help of heau'n  
On rotten proppes of all impietie ;  
Away with it, let it be life-bereau'n. (loines,  
With plagues, strike through Extortions loathed  
And riuert in them glowing pestilence ;

\* And he that  
flieth from the  
noise of the  
feare shall fall  
into the pit,  
&c. Isa. 34. 18

\* Yee shall  
cōcūechaffe,  
& bring forth  
stubble, the  
fire of your  
breath shall  
deuoure you.  
Isai. 33. 11.

Giue,

Giue, giue Iniustice many mortall foynes,  
 And with a plague, send, send the same frō hence.  
 Wind me a Botch (huge Botch) about the Necke  
 Of damn'd disguis'd, man-pleasing Sanctitie;  
 And Simony with selfe same Choller decke,  
 Plague these two Plagues with all extremitie.  
 For, these are Pearles that quite put out the eies  
 Of Piety in Christian Common-wealthis;  
 These, these are they, from whō all plagues do rise  
 The plagues on plagues, by right, must reauē their  
 Dash Veng'ace viall on the cursed brow (healeth  
 Of \* *Zodomy*, that euer-crying sinne;  
 And that it be no more whole \* *Pelions* throw  
 Of plagues vpon it both without, and in!  
 Throgh black \* *Auernus* (hels mouth) send the same  
 Into the deepest pit of lowest hell;  
 Let neuer more the nature, nor the name  
 Be known within the Zones, where mē may dwell  
 Oppresse Oppression, this Lands burning-feauer  
 With burning sores of feauers-pestilent;  
 And now or neuer, quell it now and euer,  
 For, it doth quell the Poore and Innocent.  
 Bring downe damn'd Pride with a pure pestilence  
 Deriued from all plagues that are vnpure,  
 Extracted to th'extremest quintessence,  
 For Pride all Sinnes, & plagues for sin, procures  
 In Atheismes breast, \* (stead of her curst hart)  
 Set an huge Botch, or worse plague, more cōpact  
 That it may neuer conuert, or peruert,  
 Nor haue powre to perswade, much lesse coact.  
 Beblaine

\* Aske now  
 among the  
 Heathen, who  
 hath heard  
 such things?  
 the virgine of  
 Israel hath  
 done very fil-  
 thily. Ierem.  
 18 13.

\* A mountain  
 in Thesalie.

\* *Auernus* a  
 lake in Italie,  
 where they  
 say this sinne  
 is frequent.

\* Pride, the  
 cause of A-  
 damis fall, and  
 so of all sinne.

Beblaine the bosome of each Misteris,  
 That bares her \*Brefts (lusts signes) ghests to allure;  
 With a plague kisse her, (that plagues with a kisse)  
 And make her (with a murraine) more demure.  
 Our puling puppets, coy, and hard to please,  
 My too strait-laced all-begarded Girles  
 (The skumme of Nicenesse) *London Mistresses*  
 Their skins imbroder with plagues orient Pearls.  
 For these, for \*First-fruits, haue \*Fifteenes to spare  
 But to a Beggar say, *We haue not for yee:*  
 Then do away this too-fine wastefull Ware  
 To second death; for they do most abhorre mee.  
 Then scowre the Brothel-houses, make them pure,  
 That flow with filth that wholsomst flesh infects;  
 \* Fire out the Pox from thece with plagues vnpure;  
 For they do cause but most vnpure effects.  
 Plague carnall Colleges, wherein are taught  
 Lusts beastly lessons, which no beast will brooke,  
 Where *Aratine* is read, and nearely fought;  
 And so Lusts Precepts practiz'd by the Booke.  
 Who knowes not *Aratine*, let him not aske  
 What thing it is; let it suffice hee was:  
 But what? no Mouth can tell without a Maske;  
 For Shame it selfe, will say, O let that passe!  
 He was a Monster, Tush, O nothing lesse:  
 For, Nature monsters makes (how ere vnright)  
 But Nature ne'r made such a Fiend as this,  
 Who, like a Fiend, was made in Natures spight!  
 Therefore, away with all that like his Rules,  
 Which Nature doth dislike as she doth Hell:

Break

\* They are  
 waxen fat, and  
 shining, they  
 doe ouerpasse  
 the deedes of  
 the wicked,  
 &c. *Ier* 5. 28

\* Strawberies,  
 Cherries, &c.  
 when they  
 first come in.  
 \* Shillings,  
 Crowns, or  
 Pounds.

\* Then will I  
 turne mine  
 hād vpō thee,  
 and burne out  
 thy droffe, till  
 it be pure, and  
 rake away thy  
 Tinne, *Iai* 1.  
 25.

## The Triumph of Death.

\* And every  
one will de-  
ceiue his frind  
and wil not  
ipeake the  
truth: for they  
haue taught  
their rongues  
to ipeake lies,  
and take great  
paines to doe  
wickedly. Ie-  
rem. 9. 5.  
\* As a Cage is  
full of Birds, so  
are their hou-  
ses full of de-  
ceit, thereby  
they are be-  
come great &  
waxen rich.  
Ierem 5. 27.  
\* For all their  
Tables are full  
of filthy vo-  
mitings: no  
place is cleane.  
Isai. 28. 8.

Break vp those free (yet deere & damned) Schoole  
That teach but gainst kinde Nature to rebell.  
Rough-cast the skin of smooth-fac'd glozing Guile  
With burning blisters to consume the same,  
That swears to sell crackt wares, yet lies the while  
And of gaine, by \*deceiuing, makes her game.  
Who, but to vtter, but a thing of nought,  
Vtters all othes, more precious then her Soule:  
And thinks them well bestowd, so it be bought  
So, vtters wares with othes, by falshood foule.  
This foule offence to Church & Commonwealt,  
Sweep cleane away with Wormewood of annoy:  
For, it consisteth but by lawfull \*stealth;  
Then, let the truest Plagues it quite destroy.  
Of Tauerns, reaking stil! with \*vomiting,  
Draw, with the Owners, all the Drawers out;  
Let none draw Aire, that draw on Surffettings,  
But Excesse, and her Slaues, botch all about.  
Sith such by drawing out, and drawing on  
Do liue; let such be drawne out on a Beare:  
For, they with wine haue many men vndone,  
And famisht them, in fine, through belly-cheare.  
Browne-paper Merchants (that do vent such trash  
To heedlesse heirs, to more wealth borne then wit,  
That gainst such Paper-rocks their houses dash,  
While such slie Merchants make much vse of it)  
Vse them as they do vse such heires to vse,  
That is, to plague them without all remorse:  
These with their Brokers, plague; for they abuse  
God, King, and Law, by Lawes abused force.

Then,



Then, petti-botching-Brokers, all bebotch  
 That in a month catch eightheene pence in pound;  
 Six with a \* Bill, and twelue for vñ they catch,  
 Joyse they all they catch, to make vnbound.  
 That they may catch them, and still patches make,  
 Which in the pound do yeeld the eightheene pence;  
 Forc'd, like sheep trespassing, the Pound to take,  
 Leauing their \* Fleece, at last, for recompence.  
 Hang in their hang-mans wardrop plagues to aire  
 That all may flie, or die that with it mēll;  
 And so, when none will to their ragges repaire,  
 They must forsake their liues, or labour well.  
 Briefly, kill cursed Sinne in gerierall,  
 And let Flesh Bee no more to harbour it;  
 Away with filthie Flesh, away with all  
 Wherein still-breeding Sinne on broode doth sit.  
 This was Deaths charge, & this charge did he giue,  
 Which was perform'd (forthwith) accordingly;  
 For now the dead had wasted so the liue,  
 Or wearied so) that some vnburied lie:  
 For, All obseru'd the Pestilence was such  
 As laught to scorne the help of Phisickes art;  
 So that to death All yeelded with a touch,  
 And sought no help, but help with ease to \* part.  
 An hell of heate doth scorch their seething vaines,  
 The blood doth boile, and all the Body burnes,  
 Which raging Heate ascending to the Braines  
 The powres of Reason there quite ouerturnes!  
 Then, tis no sinne to say a Plague it is  
 From whence immortall miseries do flow;

\* Their Bill of Sale.

\* And they lie downe vpon cloths laide ropledge by euery Altar, and they drink the wine of the condemned in the house of their God, Amos 2. 8.

\* And death shall be desired rather than the life of all the residue that remain of this wicked family. Iere 8. 3.

K

That

That makes men reason with their rest to misse,  
 And Soules and Bodies do endanger so.  
 Here crie the parents for their Childrens death;  
 There howle the children for their parents losse;  
 And often die as they are drawing breath  
 To crie for their but now inflicted crosse.  
 Here goes an husband heauily to seeke  
 A Graue for his dead wife (now hard to haue)  
 A wife there meets him that had done the like,  
 All which (perhaps) are buried in one Graue.  
 The last suruiuor of a Familie,  
 Which yesterday (perhaps) were all in health,  
 Now dies to beare his fellowes company,  
 And for a Graue for all, giues all their wealth.  
 There wends the \* fainting Son with his dead Sire  
 On his sole shoulders borne, him to interre;  
 Here goes a father with the like desire,  
 And to the Graue alone, his Sonne doth beare,  
 The needie, greedie of a wealthie Pray,  
 Runne into houses cleans'd of Families, (away,  
 From whence they bring, with goodes, their banes  
 So end in wealth their liues and miseries.  
 No Cat, Dog, Rat, Hog, Mousse, or Vermine vile,  
 But vsur'd Death, where ere themselues did go;  
 For, they the purest Aire did so defile,  
 That whoso breath'd it, did his breath forgo.  
 At *London* (sincke of Sinne) as at the Fount,  
 This all-confounding Pestilence began.  
 According to that Plagues most wofull wont,  
 From whence it (flowing) all the realme o'reranne.  
 Which

\* The Sonnes  
 haue fainted,  
 & lie at head  
 of all the streets,  
 as a wild Bull  
 in a net, and  
 are full of the  
 wrath of the  
 Lord, and re-  
 buke of thy  
 God. Isa, 51.  
 30.

## The Triumph of Death.

237

Which to preuent, at first, they pestered  
Pest-houses with their murraine-tainted Sicke:  
But, though from them, & thence the healthie fled,  
They, ere suspected, mortified the Quicke.  
Those so infected, being ignorant  
That so they are, conuerse with whom soere,  
Whose open Shops and Houses all doe haunt,  
And finde most danger, where they least do feare.  
And so not knowing sicke-folke from the sound  
(For, such ill Aire's not subiect to the sense)  
They One with \* Other do themselues confound;  
And so confound all with a pestilence.  
Our flies one from the Plague, and beares with him  
An heauy Purse, and Plague more ponderous;  
Which in the hie-way parteth life from limbe,  
So plagues the next of his coine couetous.  
In this ditch lies one breathing out his last,  
Making the same his Graue before his death!  
On that Bancke lies another, breathing fast,  
And passers by he baneth with his breath.  
Now runnes the \* Rot along each bancke & ditch,  
And, with a murraine strikes Swine, Sheep, and all  
(Or man, or beast) that chance the same to touch,  
So, all in fields, as in the Cities fall.  
The *London* Lanes (themselues thereby to saue)  
Did vomit out their vndigested dead,  
Who by cart loads, are carried to the Graue,  
For, all those Lanes with folke were ouerfed.  
There might yee see Death (as with toile opprest  
Panting for breath, all in a mortall swear)

\* I will dash  
them one a-  
gainst another  
even the fa-  
thers and the  
sons together,  
saith the Lord.  
I will not spare  
I will not pi-  
ty, nor haue  
compassion  
vpon them,  
but destroy  
them. Ierem.

13. 14.  
\* herfore  
will I be vnto  
Ephraim as a  
moor h, and to  
the house of  
Juda as a rot-  
tennes, Hoies  
5. 13.

K 2

Vpon

# The Triumph of Death.

Vpon each bulke or bench, himselfe to rest,  
 (At point to faint) his Haruest was so great!  
 The Bells had talkt so much, as now they had  
 Tir'd all their tongs, and could not speake a word,  
 And Griefe so toild herselfe with being sad,  
 That now at Deaths faint threats, shee would but  
 Yea, Death was so familiar (ah) become (bourd.  
 With now resolued *London* Families,  
 That where soere he came, he was welcome,  
 And entertain'd with ioyes and iolities.  
 Goods were neglected, as things good for nought,  
 If good for aught, good but to breed more ill:  
 The Sicke despis'd them: if the Sound the sought,  
 They sought their death which cleaned to the still!  
 So Sicke, and Sound, at last \* neglected them,  
 As if the Sound and Sicke were neere their last;  
 And all, almost, so fared through the Realme  
 As if their Soules the Iudgement day were past.  
 This World was quite forgot; the World to come  
 Was still in minde; which for it was \* forgot,  
 Brought on our World this little day of Dome,  
 That choakt the Graue with this contagious Rot!  
 No place was free for Free-men; ne for those  
 That were in Prisons, wanting Libertie;  
 Yet Prisoners freest were from Plagues and Woes  
 That visite Free-men, but too lib'rally.  
 For, al their food came frō the helthy house, (keeps  
 Which then wold giue Gods plags from thence to  
 The rest, shut vp, could not like bountie vse,  
 So, woefull Pris'ners had least cause to weepe.

The

\* Neither their  
 silver nor their  
 golde shall be  
 able to deliuer  
 them in the  
 day of the  
 lords wrath,  
 &c Zepha.  
 1. 18.

\* Her filthi-  
 nesse is in her  
 skirts: she re-  
 membered not  
 her last end,  
 therefore shee  
 came downe  
 wonderfully:  
 she had no  
 comforter, &c.  
 Lament. 1. 9.



## The Triumph of Death.

433

The king himselfe (O wretched Times the while)  
From place to place, to saue himselfe did flie;  
Which from himselfe himselfe did seeket exile,  
Who (as amaz'd) not safe, knew where to lie.  
Is hard with Subiects when the Soueraigne  
Hath no place free from plagues his head to hide;  
And hardly can we say the King doth raigne,  
That no where, for iust feare, can well abide.  
For, no where comes He but Death follows him  
Hard at the Heeles, and reacheth at his head;  
So sincks al\* Sports that wold like triumphs swim,  
For, what life haue we, when we all are dead;  
Dead in our Spirits, to see our Neighbours die;  
To see our King so shift his life to saue;  
And with his Councell all Conclusions trie  
To keepe themselves from th'insatiate Graue.  
For, hardly could one man another meete,  
That in his bosome brought not odious Death;  
It was confusion but a friend to greet,  
For, like a Fiend, he baned with his breath.  
The wildest wastes, and places most remote  
From Mans repaire, are now the most secure;  
Happy is he that there doth finde a Cote (showre  
To shrowd his Head from this Plagues smoaking  
A Beggars home (though dwelling in a Ditch  
If farre from *London* it were scituat)  
He might rent out, if pleas'd him, to the Rich,  
That now as Hell their *London* homes doe hate.  
Now, had the Sunne the \*Ballance entered,  
To giue his heate by weight, or in a meane,

\* The mirth  
of tabernacles cea-  
seth: the noise  
of them that  
reioycendeth:  
the ioy of the  
harpe ceaueth.  
Lia. 24. 8.

\* Libra Sep-  
tember.

K 3

When

# The Triumph of Death.

When yet this Plague more heate recouered,  
 And scowr'd the towns, that erst were clesed clean.  
 Now, sad Dispaire (clad in a sable weede)  
 Did All attend, and All resolu'd to die; (seeke  
 For, Heat & cold, they thought, the Plague would  
 Which, like a \* Ierffe, still sinn'd in gluttony.

\* A Beast neuer but feeding, and when he hath eaten as much as his p<sup>er</sup>ch can hold, goes to a forked tree, and there straines out his bowels vndigested, betwixt the twist of the tree, and so againe presently falls to feede, and being full, againe to the tree, and so continueth to feede.

The heau'nly Coape was now ore-canopied,  
 (Neere each ones Zenith (as his sense suppos'd)  
 With ominous impressions, strangely died,  
 And like a Canopie at toppe it clos'd.  
 As if it had presag'd the Iudge was nie,  
 To sit in Iudgement his last doome to giue,  
 And caus'd his cloth of State to adorne the Skie  
 That All his neare approach might so perceiue.  
 Now fall the people vnto publike Fast,  
 And all assemble in the Church to pray;  
 Earely, and late, their soules, there take repast,  
 As if preparing for the later day!  
 Where (fasting) meeting with the sound and sicke,  
 The sicke the sound do plague, while they do pray;  
 To haste before the Iudge the dead and quicke,  
 And pull each other so, in post, away.  
 Now Angells laugh to see how contrite hearts  
 Incounter *Death*, and scorne his Tiranny;  
 Their Iudge doth ioy to see them play their parts,  
 That erst so liu'd as if they ne'r should die.  
 Vp go their hats & hands, and downe their knees,  
 While Death wēt vp & down, to bring thē down;  
 That vp they might at once (not by degrees)  
 Vnto the High'st, that doth the humble \* crowne!

\* Isai. 57. 15.

O how the thresholds of each double dore  
Of Heav'n, and Hell, were worne with throngs of  
Ner since the Deluge, did they so before, (ghosts  
Nor euer since so polliht the side-posts.

The Angells, good and bad, are now all toil'd  
With intertaining of these ceaselesse throngs;  
With howling some (in heat and horror broild)  
And other some in blisse, with ioyfull Songs.

Th'infernall Legions, in Battallions,  
Seeke to inlarge their kingdome, lest it should  
Be cloid with Collonies of wicked ones;

For now it held, more then it well could hold !  
The Angells, on the Cristall walls of Heav'n,  
Holpe thousands ore the Gates so glutted were;  
To whom authoritie by Grace was giu'n  
(The prease was such) to helpe them ouer there.

The Cherubin cie-blinding Maiestie  
Vpon his Throne (that euer blest hath bin)

Is compast with \* vnwonted Company,  
And smiles to see how Angells helpe them in.

The heau'nly streets do glitter (like the Sunne)  
With throngs of Sonnes but newly glorifide;

Who still to praise their Glorifier runne  
Along those streets, full fraught on either side.

Now was the earthly Mammon, which had held  
Their Harts to Earth, held most contagious;

A Beggar scorn'd to touch it (so defilde)

So, none but castawaies were couetous.

Now Auarice was turned Cherubin,

Who nought desir'd but the extreamest Good;

\* The world is  
diuided into  
twelue partes,  
and ten partes  
of it are gone  
already, and  
halfe of the  
tenth part : &  
there remain-  
eth that which  
is after the  
halfe of the  
tenth part -  
Esd. 14. 10. 11

## The Triumph of Death

For, now she saw she could no longer sinne,  
 So, to the Time she sought to suite her moode,  
 The loathsome Leacher loath'd his wonted sport,  
 For, now he thought all flesh was most corrupt:  
 The brainicke brawler waxed all-amort;  
 For, such blood-suckers Bane did interrupt.  
 The Pastors now, steep all their words in Brine,  
 With woe, woe, woe, and nought is heard but woe;  
 Woe and alas, they say, the powres diuine  
 Are bent Mankind, for sinne to ouerthrow.  
 Repent, repent, (like *Ionas*) now they crye,  
 Ye men of *England*, O repent, repent;  
 To see if so yee maie moue Pitties Eye,  
 To looke vpon you, ere you quite be \*spent.  
 And oft whilst he breathes out thes bitter Words,  
 He, drawing breath, drawes in more bitter Bane:  
 For, now the Aire, no Aire but death affords,  
 And lights of Art (for helpe) were in the wane.  
 Nor people praying, nor the Pastor preaching,  
 Death spared ought; but murd' red one and other.  
 He was a walme, he could not stay impeaching,  
 Who smoakt with heat, & chokt, all with the smoak.  
 The babe new born he nipt strait in the head, that  
 With aire that through his yet vncloused Mould  
 Did pierce his brains, & through the poison spread,  
 So left his life, that scarce had life in hold.  
 The Mother after hies, the Father posts  
 After the Mother; Thus, at Base they runne  
 Vnto the Gole of that great Lord of Hosts  
 That for those keepes it, that runnes for his Sonne.  
 The

\* Nevertheless  
 saith the lord,  
 at those days I  
 will not make  
 a full end of  
 you. *Ier. 4. 18.*

\* For it is the  
 day of the  
 Lords vengeance,  
 and the  
 yere of recompence  
 for the  
 iudgement of  
*Sion. Iai 34. 8*



The rest Death trippes, and takes them prisoners;  
 Such lose the Gole without gaine-laying-strife;  
 But, all, and some, are as Deaths Messengers  
 To fetch both one and other out of life.  
 The Sire doth fetch the Sonne, the Sonne the Sire,  
 Death, being impartiall, makes his Subiects sere:  
 The Priuate's not respected, but intire  
 (Death pointing out the way) away they goe  
 The ceremonie at their Burialls,  
 Is *Asbes* but to *Asbes*, *Dust*, to *Dust*;  
 Nay not so much; for, strait the Pir-man fallies  
 (If he can stand) to hide them as he must.  
 A Mount thus made, vpon his Spade he leanes  
 (Tired with toile) yet (tired) prest to toile  
 Till Death an heape, in his hur'd Haruest, gleames,  
 That so he may, by heapes, eke feed the Soyle.  
 Not long he staves, but (ah) a mightier heape  
 Then erst he hid, is made strait to be hild;  
 The Land is scarce, but yet the Seede is cheape,  
 For, all is full, or rather ouerfill'd.  
 The Beere is laid away, and Cribbes they gent  
 To fetch more dung for Fields and Garden-plots;  
 Worke-men are scarce; the labour is so great,  
 That (ah) the Seede, \*vnburi'd, often rots;  
 It rots, and makes the Land thereby the worse,  
 For, being rotten, it ill vapors breeds,  
 Which many mortall miseries doe nurse,  
 And the Plague (ouerfed) seuerer feeds.  
 Here lies an humane Carasse, halfe consum'd;  
 And there some fow or beast, in selfe same plight  
 Dead

Dung-cribs.

They shall  
 die of deaths  
 and diseases;  
 they shall not  
 be lamented;  
 neither shall  
 they be bur-  
 ed; but they  
 shall be as  
 dung vpon the  
 earth; &c. Isa.  
 66. 4.

*The Triumph of Death.*

Dead with the Pestilence, for so it fum'd,  
 That all it touch'd, it consumed quite.  
 Quite through the host of Natures Animalls  
 Death like a Conquerer in Triumph rides;  
 And ere he came too neare, each Creature falls,  
 His dreadfull presence then no flesh abides.  
 Now man to man (if euer) fiends became,  
 Feare of infection choakt Humanitie;  
 The emptie Maw (abandon'd) got but blame  
 If it had once but sought for Charitie.  
 The Poore must not about, to seeke for foode,  
 And no man sought them, that they might be fed;  
 Two Plagues, in one, inuaded so their blood,  
 Both Famine, and Infection strikes them dead.  
 Some staid, in hope that Death would be appeas'd,  
 And kept the towns, which thē & theirs had kept,  
 Till their next neighbors were (perhaps) diseas'd;  
 Or with Deaths fatall Fanne away were swept.  
 Thē, faine wold fly but could not (thogh they wold)  
 For, wil they, nill they, they must keep their house,  
 Till through some chink, on thē Death taketh hold,  
 And vs'd them, as he did their neighbours vse.  
 If any at some Posterne could get out,  
 As good they staid, sith sure they staid should be;  
 For, all the Countries watcht were round about,  
 That from the towne, none might a furlong flee.  
 Then, who from Death did flee, the feare of Death  
 Made Free-men keep the fliers in his Lawes;  
 Where (poison'd with his fowle infectious breath)  
 Their flesh and bones he (ne'r suffiz'd) gnawes.

\* They have  
 compassed her  
 about, as the  
 wretchen of  
 the field, be-  
 cause she hath  
 prouoked me  
 to wrath, saith  
 the Lord Ierē.  
 4. 17.

Now

Now might ye see the Plague deuoure with speed  
 As it neare famisht were, left in a while  
 It might be so, and want whereon to feede;  
 So fed, the future hunger to beguile.  
 Now doth it swell (hold hide) nay, \*breake, or die)  
 Till skin doth crack, to make more\* room for meat  
 Yet meat, more meate it (newe\* cload) doth crie,  
 And all about doth runne the same to get.  
 The Graues do often vomit out their dead,  
 They are so ouer-gorg'd, with great, and small;  
 Who hardly, with the earth are couered;  
 So, oft discover'd when the Earth did fall.  
 Those which in hie-\* waies died (as many did)  
 Some worthlesse wretch, hir'd for no worthles fee,  
 Makes a rude hole, some distance him beside,  
 And rakes him in farre off; so, there lies hee.  
 But, if the Pit-man haue not so much sense  
 To see, nor feele which way the winde doth sit  
 To take the same, he hardly comes from thence,  
 But, for himselfe (perhaps) he makes the pit:  
 For, the contagion was so violent,  
 (The wil of Heau'n ordaining so the same)  
 As often strooke stone-dead incontinent,  
 And Natures strongest forces strait orecame.  
 Here lieth one vpon his burning brest,  
 Vpon the Earths cold breast, and dies outright;  
 Who wanting buriall, doth the Aire infect,  
 That like a Basaliske he banes with sight!  
 There reeles another like one deadly druncke,  
 But newly strooke (perhaps) then downe he falls,  
 Who

\* If the boock  
 breake not,  
 the Patient li-  
 ueth not.  
 \* It kills o-  
 thers with brea-  
 king.

\* They that  
 feed delicately  
 perish in the  
 streetes, they  
 that were  
 brought vp in  
 scarlet, can-  
 not abide the  
 Lambes cloth.

\* And their  
corpes shall  
lie in the  
streetes of the  
great citie, &c.  
Rom. 2. 8.

\* Because of  
their pride the  
Citie shall be  
troubled, the  
houses shall be  
afraid, men  
shall feare. 2.  
Esd. 15, 18.

Who, in the \* Streets, or waies, no sooner suncke,  
But forthwith dies, and so lies by the walles,  
The Hay-cockes in the Meades were oft oppress  
With plaguy Bodies, both aliue, and dead;  
Which being vs'd, confounded Man and Beast,  
And vs'd they might be ere discovered.  
For, some (like Ghosts) wold walk out in the night,  
The Citie glowing (furnace-like) with heate  
Of this contagion; to seeke if they might,  
Fresh aire, where oft they died for want of meate.  
The Traueller that spied (perhaps his Sire)  
Another farre off, coming towards him  
Would flie, as from a flying flame of fire  
That would, if it he met, waste life and limbe.  
So, towns fear'd townes, and men ech other fear'd,  
All were (at least) attainted with suspect,  
And, sooth to say, so was their enuy stir'd,  
That one would seeke another to infect:  
For, whether the disease to enuy mou'd,  
Or humane natures malice was the cause,  
Th'infected often all Conclusions prou'd  
To plague him that frō thē himselte withdrawes:  
Here do they Gloues, and there they Garters fall;  
Ruffs, Cuffs, & handkerchers, and such like things  
They strow about, so to endanger all;  
For, Enuy now, most pestilently stings!  
So, heau'n and earth, against Man did conspire,  
And Man against Man, to extirpe his Race;  
Who Bellowes were e' augument Infections fire,  
And blow abroad the same from place to place.

Sedition



## The Triumph of Death.

243

Sedition thus marche (with a pestilence)  
From towne to towne, to make them desolate;  
The Browne-Bill was too short to keep it thence,  
For, further off it raught the Bill-mans pate.  
Nor walls could keepe it out; for, it is said  
(And truly too) that Hunger breakes stone-walls:  
The plague of Hunger with the Plagne arrai'd  
It selfe, to make way, where ere Succour calls.  
For, hungrie Armies fight as Fiends they were:  
No humane powre can well their force withstand:  
They laugh, to \*scorne the shaking of the Speare:  
And gainst the gods theselues, theselues dare band  
Some ranne as mad (or with wine ouer-shot)  
From house to house, when botches on them ranne,  
Who, though they menac'd were with Sword, and  
Yet forward ran, & feare nor God nor man! (Shot,  
As when a Ship, at Sea, is set on fire,  
And (all on flame's) winde-driuen on a Fleete,  
The Fleete doth flie, sith that Ship doth desire  
(Maugre all force oppos'd) with it to meete:  
So flies the Bill-man, and the Muskettire  
From the approaching desperate plaguy wight,  
As from a flying flame of quenchlesse fire;  
For, who hath any life, with Death to fight?  
At all, cries *Death*, then downe by heaps they fall:  
He drawes in By, and Maine, amaine he drawes  
Huge heapes together, and still cries, At all:  
His hand is in, and none his hand withdrawes.  
For, looke how Leaues in Autumne from the tree  
With wind do fall, whose heaps fil holes in ground;  
So,

\* Destruction  
vpon destru-  
ction is cried,  
for the whole  
Land is wa-  
sted. &c. Iere.  
4. 20.

\* Iob 41. 30.

Simil.

\* Plagues are  
sent vnto you  
and who can  
drive them a-  
way. 2. Esl.  
16. 4.

Simil.

\* Many dead  
Bodies shal be  
in every place,  
they shall cast  
them fourth  
with silence.  
Amos 8. 3.

\* This no fi-  
ction, nor in-  
ferred by poe-  
ticall licence:  
But this verily

So might ye (with the Plagues breath) people see,  
Fall by great heapes, and fill vp holes profound.  
No holy Turffe was left to hide the head  
Of holiest men, but, most vnhall'wed grounds  
(Ditches and Hie-waies) must receiue the dead,  
The dead (ah woe the while) so \* oreabounds!  
Here might ye see as t'were a Mountaine  
Founded on Bodies, grounded very deepe,  
Which like a Trophée of Deaths Triumphs set  
The world on wonder, that did wondring weepe:  
For, to the middle Region of the Aire,  
Our earthly Region was infected so,  
That Foules therein had cause of iust dispaire,  
As those which ouer *Zodome* dying go!  
Some common Carriers, (for their owne behoofe,  
And for their good, whose Soules for gaires doe  
Fetching frō *Lōdō* packs of Plags, & stufte (grone)  
Are forc'd to inne it, in some Barne alone.  
Where, lest it should the Country sacrifice,  
Barne, Corne, and Stufte a Sacrifice is sent  
(In Aire-refining Flames) to th'angrie Skies,  
While th'owners do their Faults & Losse lament.  
The Carriers, to some Pest-house, or their owne,  
Carried, clapt vp, and watcht for comming out,  
Must there with Time or Death conuerse alone,  
Till Time or Death doth free the world of doubt:  
Who thogh they Carriers were, yet being too weak  
Such heauy double Plagues as these to beare,  
Out of their houses som by force do break, (cleare,  
And\* drowne themselves, themselves from plags to  
These

## The Triumph of Death.

243

These are reuenges fit for such a God,  
Fit for his Iustice, Powre, and Maiestie;  
These are right ierkes of diuine Furies Rod,  
That draw from Flesh the life-blood mortally.  
If these are but his temp'rall Punishments,  
Then what are they surmounting Time and Fate?  
Melt Flesh to thinke but on such Languishments,  
That Soule and Bodie burne in endlesse date.  
His vtmost Plagues extend beyond the reach  
Of comprehension of the deepest Thought;  
For, he his wisdom infinite doth stretch  
To make them absolutely good for nought.  
Then, O what heart offensible Discourse,  
Quakes not, as if it would in sunder fall,  
But once to thinke vpon such Furies force,  
As doth so farre surmount the thoughts of all?  
If humane Wisedome in the highest straine,  
Should yet stretch further Torments to deuise,  
They would be such that none could them sustain,  
Through weight of woes, and raging agonies:  
Then (O) what be they that deuised are  
By \* Wisedome that of Nought made all this All,  
That stretch as farre past speech, as past compare,  
Surmounting Wonder; supernaturall!  
They be the Iudgements of that Trinitie,  
Which (like themselues) are most inscrutable;  
Then can mans heart, but either swoone or die,  
To thinke on anguish, so vnthinkeable.  
And can our Sense, our Sense so much besot,  
To thinke such worlds of woe no where exist,

was performed in the borough of Leominster in the county of Hereford: the one at the commandement of sir Herbert Croft knight, one of the Councell of the Marches of Wales: the other by the instigation of Sathan, and proocation of the diuile.

\* Torments, deuised by infinite wisdom, are infinite in paine.

Sith

Sith in this sensuall World it feeles them not,  
 And so in sinne (till they be felt) insist?  
 Then happy That, that is insensible,  
 Since wee imploy our happinesse of Sense  
 To feele and taste but pleasures sensible;  
 And see no Paine that at their end commence.  
 To breake the Belly of our damn'd Desires  
 With honied Sweets that soone to poison turne;  
 And in our Soules enkindle quenchlesse fires,  
 Which all the frame thereof quite ouerturne.  
 To please it selfe a Moment, and displease  
 It selfe for euer, with ne'r-ending paines;  
 To ease the Bodie with the Soules disease,  
 To glad the Gutes, to grieue the Heart & Braines  
 To make the Throat a Through-fare for Excesse,  
 The Belly a *Charibdis* for the same;  
 To vse Wit still but onely to transgresse,  
 And make our Sense the Spinge of Sin & Shame.  
 Then happy are sweet Floures that liue and die  
 (Without offence) most pleasing vnto all:  
 And haplesse Man that liues vnpleasingly  
 To Heau'n and Earth; so, liues and dies to fall.  
 The Rose doth liue a sweete life, but to please,  
 And when it dies, it leaues sweet fruit behinde;  
 But Man in Life and Death doth none of these,  
 If Grace by \* Miracle ne'r mend his mind.  
 Blush Man, that Floures should so thy selfe excell  
 That wast created to excell what riot?  
 That on the Earth created was to dwell;  
 Then blush for shame to grace thy Beauties blot.

\* Mortall life  
 is no more (at  
 themselves) com-  
 parable to eter-  
 nall.

\* So fares it  
 with sensuall  
 Epicures and  
 Libertines.

\* The conuer-  
 sion of a sin-  
 ner is most  
 miraculous.



Art thou Horizon made (vnholly one)  
Betwixt immortall Angells, and bruite beasts?  
Yet wilt twixt beasts and fiends be Horizon  
By that which Angells grieues, and God detests?  
Then Plagues must follow thy misguided Will,  
Soto correct thine ill-directing Wit;  
Such as these are, or others much more ill,  
The worst of which Sinne (ill of Ills) besit.  
And loe, for Sinne; how yet the Plague doth rage  
(With vnappeased furie) more and more,  
Making our Troy-nouant a tragicke Stage (fore.  
Whereon to shew Deaths powre, with slaughters  
Great Monarch of Earths ample world he is;  
And of our little \*Worlds (that worlds content)  
He giues ill Subiects Bale, good Subiects Blisse;  
So, though he raignes, iust is his Regiment.  
Our sins (foule blots) corrupt the Earth and Aire;  
Our sins (foules botches) all this All defile; (faire;  
And make our Soules most foule, that were most  
For, nought but sin we all, all nought the while!  
When sharpest wits are whetted to the point,  
To pierce into all secrets, but to sinne!  
And all the corps of Luxury vnioint,  
To see what sensuall ioy might be therein:  
Whenas such trickes as no Sunne euer saw  
Deuis'd are daily by the Serpent-wife,  
To cramme all Flesh into the Deuills maw  
By drifts, as scarce the Deuill can deuise!  
Can God (most iust) be good to men so ill?  
And can the Earth, and Aire, wherein such liue,

\* Man is Ml.  
crocolmos.

L

Keepe

Keepe such aliue? O no, all Plagues must fill  
 That Aire, and Earth, that do such plagues relin  
 What are those men but plagues, that plague but  
 All men are such, that teach sin in effect; (most  
 And all do so, that sinne but now and then,  
 If now and then they sinne, in ouert act.  
 What can containe vs, if these plagues cannot?  
 If neither these we feele, nor those we shall,  
 Be not of force to keepe our liues from blot,  
 What then remaines but plagues to scowre vs all!  
 Till we wax lesse, and they so multiplide,  
 That we be nothing lesse, than what we are;  
 Conuerted, or confounded we abide  
 In, or without God, with, or without care!  
 If when his yron Rod drawes blood from vs,  
 And is vpon our backes, yea breakes our bones,  
 We cease not yet to be rebellious,  
 What can conuert vs but plagues for the nones!  
 For Natures heart doth yrne with extreame griefe,  
 When wel she weighs her childrens strange estate,  
 Subiect to sinne, and so to sorrowes chiefe,  
 For both in c<sup>o</sup>unterchange renew their date:  
 For now we sinne (yea with a witnesse sinne,  
 Witnesse our conscience) then we plagued are,  
 Plagu'd with a witnes, (witnesse plagues that rin  
 With fury on vs) then, when so we fare  
 Fall we to pray and creepe to Grace for grace,  
 Which being got, and ease, and weale at will,  
 We fall to sinne, and so our soules disgrace:  
 Thus sinne and plagues runne round about vs stil.  
 This

## The Triumph of Death.

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This euer-circling Plague of plagues and sinne,  
Surroundeth Mankinde in an hell of woe,  
Man is the *Axis* standing still therein,  
And goes with it where euer it doth goe:  
For since he fell, who at this Center staies  
By Nature (most vnnaturall the while)  
Here moues man mouelesse as the *Axis* plaies,  
And Times turns (turning with him) doth beguile.  
And yet this Plague (if Griefs tears quench it not)  
Is like a sparke of fire in flax too drie,  
And may, if our Lusts coole not, burne more hot  
Than erst it did; so waste vs vterly.  
We see it will not out, but still it lies  
In our best Cities Bowells like a Cole  
That threats to flame, and stil doth fall and \* rise,  
Wasting a part, thereby to warne the whole.  
None otherwise than when (with grieve) we see  
Some house on fire, we strait, to saue the towne,  
Watch, fast, and pray, and most industrious bee,  
With hooke and line to pull the Building downe:  
So doth this fire of heav'ns still kindling ire  
Blister our Cities publike Body so,  
As we are blister'd, but with so much fire,  
As we may quench with teares if they do flo.  
But if it should breake forth in flames afresh,  
(As (ah) what staies it but vntinted Grace?)  
What thing shuld quench it but a world of Flesh?  
Or desolation it away to chace?  
Time neuer knew since he beganne his houres,  
(For aught we reade) a Plague so long remaine

\*As appeareth  
by the plague  
bills euery  
weeke.  
Simil.

## The Triumph of Death.

In any Citie, as this Plague of ours:  
 For now six yeares in *London* it hath laine.  
 Where none goes out, but at his comming in,  
 If he but feeles the tendrest touch of smart,  
 He feares he is Plague-smitten for his sinne;  
 So, ere hee's plagu'd, he takes It to the heart:  
 For, Feare doth (Loadstone-like) it oft attract,  
 That else would not come neere; or steale away;  
 And yet this plaguy-feare will scarce coast  
 Our Soules to sinne no more, this Plague to slay.  
 But thou, in whose high hand all hearts are held,  
 Conuert vs, and from vs this Plague auert:  
 So sin shall yeeld to Grace, and Grace shall yeeld  
 The Giuer glory for so deere desert.  
 Too deere for such too worthles wicked Things,  
 At best but clods of base Infirmitie;  
 Too deere for sinne that all this murraine brings;  
 Too deere for those that liue but twice to die.  
 In few, what should I say? the best are nought  
 That breathe, since man first breathing d d rebell:  
 The best that breath are worse thā may be thought,  
 If Thought can thinke the best can do but well:  
 For, none doth well on Earth, but such as will  
 Confesse (with grieve) they do exceeding ill!

\* Micah 7. 4. The best is but a \* Briere, and \* none doth good,  
 \* Psal. 14. 2-4 But He that makes Vs blamelesse in his \* Blood.  
 \* Ephes. 5. 12.

### F I N I S.



To the good Knight, and my  
much honored Scholler,  
Sir Philip Carey.

**S**ith Death (deere Sir) hath lately beene so fell,  
To reane that life, than deere life deerer farre;  
This record of his greater rage may quell  
The lesse (perhaps) in your particular.  
Faine would I (if I could) beguile your griefe,  
With telling you of others heauie harmes:  
But (ah) such guile giues Griefe too true reliefe,  
In your true humane heart, that Pitty warmes.  
Life is a Plague: for, who doth liue, must die;  
Yet some that haue the Plague, doe scape aliuē,  
So life's more mortall than Mortalitie:  
Then sith that life (like death) doth life deprive,  
You may reioyce, sith your Adolphus liu'd,  
True Vertues life, which cannot be depriv'd.

*Vivat post funera virtus.*

As much grieu'd for your losse, as glad  
any way to shew his loue.

*John Danies.*

To the right worshipfull my  
deere Scholler Sir Humfrey  
Baskerville of Earsley,  
Knight:

*And the no lesse louely than vertuous  
Lady his Wife.*

Sith I am Lecturing my noblest Schollers,  
(You being two) this Lecture deigne to reade,  
For thogh it treats of nought but death & dollers,  
Yet it with pleasure may your passion feede:  
For, plagues to see (vnplagu'd) doth Nature please  
Although good nature (gladly) grieues thereat;  
As we are well-ill pleas'd to see at Seas  
The wofull'st wracke, while we are safe from that.  
In health to tell what sickenesse we haue past,  
Makes vs more sound; for, Gladnes health defends:  
O then your eies on this Plagues-Picture cast  
To glad and grieue you for glad-grievous ends.  
But my sole End by this poore Meane to yee,  
Is but to tie your Eares, and Hearts to mee,

*John Davies.*

my deere, meeke, modest, and intirely  
eloued Mistris Elizabeth Dutton, Mistris  
Mary, and Mistris Vere Egerton, three Sisters  
of hopefull destenies, be all Grace and  
good Fortune.

Sith on my worthiest Schollers I doe muse,  
How should my Muse to minde you once neg-  
gith you are such? The, such she shuld abuse, (lest,  
should she not vse you with all deere respect.  
Thou virgin Widow (eldest of the Three)  
(That hold'st thy widows state, of Death in chief)  
Death in thy youth (being fast) hath made thee  
Free from thy Ioy, & fastned thee to Griefe. (free;  
But he that is the Lord of lordly Death,  
Reserues thine honor'd Sires most honor'd Sire  
From Deaths dispite, & while he draweth breath,  
Thou (lowly Soule) art likely to aspire.  
Thy Sisters (like in Nature, as in Name,  
And both in Name and Nature nought but good)  
(Beloued Pupills) well may hope the same,  
Sith of like grace there is like likelihoode.  
Yet in the height of Earths felicitie,  
A meeke regard vnto this Picture giue,  
To minde you so of lifes mortalitie,  
So shall you liue to die, and die to liue. (spie  
Meane while I hope, through your cleere Stars to  
A Trinitie of Ladies ere I die.

*He which (for the exercise of your hie  
humilitie) you please to call Master*

John Dauies.

To my worthy, and worthily beloued  
Scholer, Thomas Bodenham Esquier  
sonne and heire apparant of Sir Roger  
Bodenham of Rotherwas, Knight  
of the Bathe.

**A**Nd, if among them that are decre to mee,  
(Remembred by my Pen, my Muscs Tongue,)  
I should forget to shew my loue to thee,  
My selfe, but much more thee; I so should wrong.  
Nay, wrong the right which k to thee doe owe:  
But neuer shall my loue so guilefull proue,  
As not to pay thee so deseru'd a due;  
For, I confesse thou well deseru'st my loue.  
Thou wert my Scholer; and if I should teach  
So good a Pupill such a Lesson ill  
(By mine example) I might so impeach  
Mine honest fame, and quite disgrace my skill:  
But when I learne thee such detested Lore,  
Then loathe my loue, and learne of me no more.



Yours, as what's most yours,

John Davies.



